

THE  
**ECLECTIC**  
AND  
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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## THE ECLECTIC, Etc.

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JOHN WELSH.\*

A POPULAR and yet amply complete and compendious life of John Welsh at last. It has often been a wonder to us, that among the many resurrections of the modern biography, there has been no revivification of that noble witness and martyr for the truth, the brave son-in-law of John Knox. We call him a martyr, for long and painful imprisonment, and banishment, and exile, and death, brought on prematurely in consequence of long endurance, and hastened by the refusal of a tyrant, to permit him to breathe his native air, may seem to warrant that designation ; but here it is at last in a very concise and yet fully sufficient story—a very interesting link in the history of the Church of Scotland—a story most creditable to the patience and industry of the lamented biographer who gave to this work the closing years of his life, and whose only dying wish was that God would give him a little new lease of his life to finish it. And, in fact, he seems to have finished it ; the work is his own, entire and complete, while, for its conduct through the press, it has the great and sufficient advantage of the united editorship of the Rev. James Anderson, learned and voluminous in the authorship of books referring to subjects kindred to the times of Welsh, and David Laing, Esq., the editor of the works of Knox. Mr. Young was an enthusiast in the task he set before himself, he sought to explore every hidden cranny in which might lurk some little interesting fact bearing on the illustration of the features of his hero. Hence, as men seeking one thing find another, he alighted upon the Countess of Mar's *Arcadia*. This was published in

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\* *Life of John Welsh, Minister of Ayr : including Illustrations of the Contemporary Ecclesiastical History of Scotland and France.* By the late Rev. James Young, Editor of the "Countess of Mar's *Arcadia*," &c., with a *Biographical Sketch of the Author.* John Maclaren, Edinburgh.

1862, a copy forwarded by Mr. Young to his friend Thomas Carlyle, giving information that he was engaged in writing a life of John Welsh, brought the following interesting and sympathetic reply ; it is dated Chelsea, 8th September, 1862 :—

“Accept thanks for your pleasant little book and note, which have come safe to hand some days ago.

“The ‘Arcadia’ of this notable lady was well worth printing ; and I read with pleasure your Introduction, concisely and faithfully done, and an agreeable remembrancer to me of a great many persons and things belonging to that memorable time. You give due references and vouchers, which is a most indispensable, though often omitted, requisite ;—a little more *distinctness* in specifying what book you meant (its *place, year, &c.*) would sometimes have been useful to me. There is a good deal of art in doing foot-notes well (in the right measure, at the right point, lucidly, at once, &c., &c.), as there is in doing anything whatever *well* !

“Welsh’s Biography, if he could be made conclusively intelligible, as at least the public Church-History of his time could by right pains, might be a very acceptable book ; the anti-Presbyterian procedure of King James, and scenes one has seen, of “all the women gathered weeping on Leith Sands,” I think at two in the morning, ‘as Welsh and consorts lifted anchor for exile,’ &c. &c., represent a vivid state of things in what has now fallen altogether blank to common Scotch readers. Mr. David Laing printed somewhere, not many years ago, certain letters from Welsh in his exile—(“I dwine and dee !” was a phrase in one of them)—which to me were considerably instructive as to his affairs, and him. Mr. Laing, you are no doubt aware, is worth all living aids put together in regard to such a matter.

“I fear, however, there will be a great scarcity of real documents as to Welsh. At Ayr, I suppose, there will be nothing ;—unless, perhaps, his old kirk is still head uppermost, in an *indisputable* way ? In Dumfries-shire (in Glenesland, Upper Nithsdale), you will still find the name of Colleston sticking to a patch of the property which was his father’s ; but, except that, and perhaps some inferences (of small moment) deducible from that, I doubt nothing more whatever.

“Wishing you good speed in this, or in something else that is good, I remain,” &c.

JOHN WELSH was born of an ancient and respectable family, at Colliston, in the county of Dumfries. Some writers have said by mistake, at Irongray, and although the date is unknown, the year 1568 seems to be fixed as most probable. Members of his family appear to have occupied posts of eminence in the Romish Church, and while the great Reformer must depend for his eminence upon his own talents and native worth, such distinction as can be conferred by ancient family birthright was his. The neighbourhood of his birth and early years had some years before



been visited by one Friar Jerome. He seems to have been the first to scatter in that neighbourhood the darkness of Popery; and by the instigation of the Popish bishop, he was thrown into prison, and bound in irons at Dumfries. John Knox has celebrated him warmly, under the name of Jerominus Russele, and as one of two noble martyrs committed to the flames at Ayr. Thus were the principles of the Reformation learned in the society of Welsh's early home; it is said that a copy of Wicklyffe's translation of the New Testament was read at meetings clandestinely held in the woods, and it is probable that this New Testament was left to the ancient family of Gordon, of Earlston, by the Friar Jerome; not much information, however, reaches us referring to the family of Welsh. He appears to have been a self-willed lad, yet much must not be made of this, for the instances cited to prove it, refer to the age of ten years, although there can be no doubt that the structure of his character would make him always, and especially before more gracious influences had elevated his nature, a stern and resolute being. He was one of the earliest students of the infant University of Edinburgh; he devoted himself with great earnestness to his studies, "extraordinarily painful," says his biographer, Crawford, and having completed his *Curriculum*, took his degree of Master of Arts in 1588. He was appointed the following year to the pastoral charge of Selkirk; it was then a law of the Church of Scotland, that none should be admitted to the work of the ministry under twenty-five years of age. Welsh was but twenty; this indicates plainly that he was judged by the Presbytery to possess qualifications entitling him to such an exemption. During the same years, from 1587 to 1590, a number of other men were appointed to the work of the ministry in the Church of Scotland, who took their places with John Welsh many years afterwards, and had to take also with him the spoiling of their goods, and the wrecking of all earthly comfort in resisting the will of that false, and feeble, and idiotic, but not the less mischievous King, James. At the time of Welsh's appointment to Selkirk, James was on the throne of Scotland, and while his ideas were even then sufficiently despotic, he had not attained to that unbounded licentiousness of craft and power, of which he became the chief minister when he attained the throne of England. Welsh soon became known to the King; he was a man who could not be hid, but when he met the King in the general assembly of Edinburgh about the year 1582, he, no doubt, was one of those who greatly rejoiced, so that there was nothing heard for a quarter of an hour but praises to God for such a king. The King had said:—

"He praised God that he was born in such a time, as the time of the light of the gospel, to such a place as to be King in such a Kirk, the sincerest Kirk in the world. The Kirk of Geneva, said he, keepeth Pasch and Yule [Easter and Christmas]. What have they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, their service is an evil said mass in English, wanting nothing but the liftings [raising the host]. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same; and I, forsooth, so long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly."

Prettily in contrast such words as these with the royal behaviour not long after. In Selkirk Welsh was putting his life into harness; his labours seem to have been great; somewhere or other in the neighbourhood, he preached once every day, and kept two good horses for constant employment in his work, as an evangelist; even in opposition to the express commands of the General Assembly, he left his own parish to preach in others, and the spots, dear to the memory of the lovers of poetic and traditionary lore, Rankilburn, and Buck-Cleugh, and Ettrick, and Yarrow; these, and other such consecrated, spots, were trodden by the apostolic foot of this man to whom the fancies of the poet, and the lore of the tale-teller were but the dross to be despised that he might win Christ. Not much affection does he seem to have reaped from his own parishioners; and at last, when most barbarously, Scott, the vicar of the parish of Headschaw, a Romanist in heart, committed the act of "cutting off the rumps" of Welsh's two valuable horses, so that they bled to death; thus seeking to prevent his wanderings to bear the Gospel round the neighbourhood, he came to the determination at the earliest opportunity to quit the savage spot; the place to which he emigrated would not seem to have been much farther advanced from deeds of savageness and blood, rather to have obtained a more horrible reputation, but it was near to Colliston, the place of his birth. This scene of his second pastorate was Kircudbright, and the vacancy was created in the parish by the murder of the minister of the place, Mr. David Blyth, who was assassinated with a neighbouring minister, Mr. David Aikman, of Borgue. What must have been the state of that country when such things were even common in the hatred felt by the Popish party to the Reformed evangelical ministers, so that the Presbytery, while mourning over the cruel slaughter, had also to memorialize the King and Privy Council that nothing had been done to discover the murderers; there was, however, a healthy little Christian society at Kircudbright, but when he left Selkirk it was with difficulty he could persuade anyone of requisite means to convey

his moveables to his new place of destination. At last, a young man named Ewart was found ; he was poor, but the master of two horses ; in parting from him, Welsh gave him a piece of gold—gave him also his blessing, exhorting him to fear God, and that he should never want. Welsh's reputation as a prophet seems very early to have commenced, for it is noticed that even thus, at the commencement of his career, the young man thrived ever after in his worldly conditions, while Scott, of Headschaw, Welsh's principal persecutor, declined in his family and hastened to extinction. It must have been about this time, that in the midst of all his troubles and persecutions, he married ; he married a lady who, not only by her original birthright, but by her native character would be rather attracted to a firm and faithful witness for evangelical truth, Elizabeth Knox, the third and youngest daughter of the great John Knox, by his second wife, Margaret Stewart, daughter of Andrew, Lord Ochiltree. Elizabeth was living at Faldonside, on the Tweed, a little above Abbotsford, and not far from Selkirk. There John Welsh became acquainted with her ; their future life shows how much she inherited her father's intrepid spirit, how, as he had rebuked the Queen, the mother, so Elizabeth was able to administer the same rebuking to King James, the son ; speaking before kings and not ashamed. Her husband's life was one of sore trial, and it is probable that his higher and grander nature sunk often to fits of depression from which his brave wife, Elizabeth lifted him.

The ministry and oversight of John Welsh at Kircudbright extended only through a period of five years, but the evidences from the town records, show his activity and usefulness ; his influence promoted public morals, decency and good manners. We find a schoolmaster appointed, with a good salary—mean-time, he occupied himself with habits of intense study, practising a severe and Elijah-like devotion also ; the standard of devotion he set is altogether beyond the dream of attainment in our day ; every day he spent many hours in prayer and such devotions, so, that no doubt, many would speak of his habits as extravagant, unreasonable, puritanical, and methodistical. We are amazed, however, that good men like Dr. Cooke, in his history of the Church of Scotland, should speak of this as "insanity." John Welsh was not a tradesman, nor mechanic, nor literary man—he professed to be led by the Spirit of God, and to be a child of God, and it seems he found pleasure in long, protracted hours of holy exercises ; it is not incumbent on everyone to do the like, unless so especially led ; he prayed aloud—his habit always had been, as witnesses testify, to spend much time—many hours in holy



communion with God. We shall quote, before we have closed our paper, some very extraordinary instances of this. Mr. Young reminds his readers, that illustrious and singularly unextravagant intelligence, Robert Hall, had many of these characteristics. He thought that oral, audible private prayer was best, silent prayer frequently degenerating into meditation, while a man could not but be affected by the sound of his own voice, when adequately expressing what he felt. Stories also are told of Mr. Hall's retiring for a long time into the garden, and being found there in an agony of prayer. This may not be the essential condition of the Christian life, but it is sad enough to hear it denounced as insanity; such insanity was Welsh's at Selkirk. While here, more especially, he made himself inimical to the King, by preaching, as he seems to have been elected to do, a sermon in the High Church, in Edinburgh, warrants were immediately issued for his arrest, with several other ministers infected by the same sentiments—which simply amounted to a denial of the king's right to interfere in spiritual and church matters. Welsh, with the other ministers, escaped—they would not dare to trust themselves in the hands of the Privy Council, and Welsh was denounced and put to the horn, that is, outlawed; his forfeited estates and goods were given to his wife's relative, Lord Ochiltree. After six months, however, the sentence was relaxed, but a much longer time elapsed before he was permitted to preach. Lord Ochiltree, however, being one of the lords of the bedchamber, and therefore a courtier, was not unfaithful to his relative, and it was probably through his interposition that the silenced minister was permitted to resume his ministry at Kirkeudbright. We find him warmly engaged in discussion with Abbot Gilbert Brown, and his work in reply to the abbot seems to have met with very considerable favour from the King. James, who prided himself upon being a great scholar and theological student, either read the book in manuscript or heard it read, and the old fool suggested certain points which he thought might be amended. As we have said, however, his ministry at Kirkeudbright did not continue long, and in 1600 he removed to his last, and every way his most pleasing and painful, Pastorate of Ayr. Here, without any doubt, his activity was remarkable, but we wonder that our author, Mr. Young, has not inserted some of the extracts from the Kirk Session of Ayr, which serve to throw light on the manners of the town in Welsh's time; they certainly show the severity of church discipline.\*

\*"The session-buik of Ayr, begining the x of Decēber 1604, Mr. J. Welshee, minister."

"The next leaf contains a list of "The elders and deacons on the fyrst of November 1603." Then follows a list of the penalties to be enacted for the promotion of discipline, the heading of which is somewhat defaced. The following are the first three under the side-head of "Violators of y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath."

"For the first fault sal mak y<sup>r</sup> repentance publiclie in y<sup>e</sup> pulpit, and sal pey . . . . . vi<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup> [6s. 8d.]

"For y<sup>e</sup> secund fault sal stand tua dayis in y<sup>r</sup> awn claithis in y<sup>e</sup> publik place of repentance, and sal pey . . . . . xiii<sup>s</sup> 4<sup>d</sup> [13s. 4d.]

"For the third fault sal stand thre saboth, and pey . . . . . xx<sup>s</sup>" [20s.]

\* \* \* \* \*

"The sessioun cōvenit the 24 of December 1604. Being p<sup>nt</sup> v<sup>t</sup> the minist<sup>r</sup>, [Mr Welsh,] David Fergusson, &c.

"Compeirit Jonet Hunter, accusit of sklandering Simon Gilmor and his wyfe. Maid publik satisfacioun to y<sup>e</sup> said persouns sklanderit; and band himself, if scho were fund in the lyk to yame or anie vtheris, scho salbe severlie punisht."

"Remember to summon Alex<sup>r</sup> and George Provancis, quha at mid-night fell to uther, and cruelie dang and bluidit uther, and had almaist brokin y<sup>r</sup> mother's arme, and is continuallie misuseris of y<sup>r</sup> mother. Gevin vp be William Rankein."

"Compeirit Bessie Rankein and Maggie Speir, accusit of flyting and scolding togidder. Maid y<sup>r</sup> confession before the sessioun, and wer admonishit if they be fund in the lyke againe, they salbe mair severlie punishit, and y<sup>r</sup> penaltie doublit."

"Compeirit Thomas Harvie, accusit of shedding y<sup>e</sup> bluid of George Law, the man beand tryit by the magistratis, and reported to the sessioun by Johne Rankein, baillie. Y<sup>e</sup> said Thomas Harvie was thocht blameles, becaus he did it in redding: Thairfoir ordaines to summon y<sup>e</sup> said George Law to the next day."

"Remember to summon Pet. Cuninghame, flesher, John Bowie, servant to Robert Riddall, Alex<sup>r</sup> Thompson, barrowman, Margret Corvat, washer, Jonet Thompson, old and zoung, and y<sup>r</sup> brother Johne Thompson, William M<sup>c</sup>Jonet, barrowman, and Jonet Speir, quha war fund absent fra the kirk in time of preiching."

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Session, last of December.*—Remember to summon William Ingrame, smith, and Jonet Speir his wyfe, for y<sup>e</sup> criminal flyting togedder, baith on Saturday at evin, at suppor tyme, and also on the Sabbath at evin, at y<sup>e</sup> coming fra y<sup>e</sup> kirk; and warne also y<sup>r</sup> hyreman, and y<sup>r</sup> women, to witness q<sup>ik</sup> of thame beginnis the pley. Faile not to warne them by ane y<sup>e</sup> morne."

"Remember to summon Johne Cuninghame y<sup>e</sup> walker, becaus his servant, George Wilsoun, walket his claith on y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath-day; and remember to declare y<sup>e</sup> said George Wilsoun to the presbyterie."

"Compeirit Alex<sup>r</sup> Thompson, Jonet Thompson, elder and zounger, accusit for brek of Sabbath. Confessit y<sup>e</sup> same before y<sup>e</sup> sessioun, and were fund in the lyke. Ar ordanit to be put in the thefis hoal."



\* \* \* \* \*

"*Session, 22d April 1605.*—The q<sup>lk</sup> day compeirit Jonet Hunter, accusit as ane verie vitious woman and common sklanderer, quha also, in face of sessioun, threatened her guidman, Robert Rankin. Ordanit to stand in hir linning schiettis at y<sup>e</sup> cors four market dayis, and to begin on Fryday next y<sup>e</sup> xxvi. of Apryle: As also, to stand at ye kirk dor certain dayis upon ye Sabboth, and w<sup>in</sup> y<sup>e</sup> kirk in place of publick repentance; and this forme to continew ay and quhill y<sup>r</sup> appeir certain signes of her repentance."

[The minister was not present at the sederunt of 1st July, having, no doubt, left Ayr for Aberdeen, where he was on the 4th July. Present, however, on the 15th. Absent on the "penult of Julie" 1605, having been summoned to Edinburgh on the 25th.]

"*Session, penult of July 1605.*—Compeirit William Nesbit and Mareoun Adam, confessit y<sup>r</sup> sin of fornication, gave in y<sup>r</sup> bands of mariage, is ordanit to mak y<sup>r</sup> repentance, and to pay y<sup>r</sup> penaltie, viz., y<sup>e</sup> woman x.<sup>s</sup>, and to stand in y<sup>e</sup> pillar ane day, and befoir y<sup>e</sup> pulpit on y<sup>e</sup> day of y<sup>r</sup> mariage, and y<sup>e</sup> man to pay xx.<sup>s</sup>, and to purge his offence on y<sup>e</sup> day of y<sup>r</sup> mariage."

"Ordanis to proclame out y<sup>e</sup> pulpit, y<sup>t</sup> everie man continew peying y<sup>e</sup> contributiouns to y<sup>e</sup> pure vntil y<sup>e</sup> minister his hame coming," It is needless to add, that that event never took place.\*

The curious extracts from the Parish register we have cited above, may indicate to our readers a very undesirable amount of clerical severity. The Puritan idea of life was, indeed, a very severe one, and, while in the instances cited above, there is not wanting evidence of sin in exchange for the receipt of punishment, it must be admitted that, like all the Calvinists of that day, there was no perception of any intermediate regions between sinfulness and duty. Every thing that was not a duty was a sin; thus the duties themselves were performed with painful punctuality, and life became twisted and warped. Again, some apology must be made for this in the recollection of the great weltering sea of sensuality; from which, the Reformers were attempting to save their people, as well as from the consideration of the fiery stress and storm of persecution, to which they were always subjected. Welsh, when he entered upon his ministry in Ayr, found the town in a state of almost barbarous rudeness; it was divided into factions, and so filled with bloody conflicts, that a man could hardly walk the streets with safety. Like that great and beautiful English minister, the Apostle of the North, Bernard Gilpin, Mr. Welsh set himself, at all hazards, to heal these bickerings, and to prevent these bloody

\* *Woodrow Documents*, vol. i., "Life of Welsh."

quarrels ; He would often rush between two parties of men, fighting even in the midst of blood and wounds. On these occasions, he used the precaution of covering his head with a helmet ; of course, never taking with him a sword, that both parties might see he came for peace, and not for war. Then, usually, after a skirmish of this kind, when he thought he had done something towards reconciling enemies, he would cause a table to be spread in the street—there the combatants, and the peace-maker sat down to eat and drink together, and then he usually ended the work by a Psalm. Thus, it is on record, that his influence, example, and heavenly doctrines, won the respect of the people, and they buried their bloody quarrels, and Ayr seems as famous, beneath the ministry of John Welsh, as was Kidderminster beneath that of Richard Baxter. Long years after his death, when the eminent David Dickson, was flourishing in his useful ministry at Irvine, and people talked to him of his success, he used to say, that “the grape gleanings in Ayr, in Welsh’s time, were far above the vintage of Irvine in his own.” While he lived, and after he died, the power of prophesy was attributed to him, as to his great father-in-law, John Knox ; and many of the instances of his alleged insight have a singular and remarkable aspect to us, who have lost the ancient faith, that prayer and piety, when conjoined with extraordinary mental energy, should either be able to claim the gifts of prevision and prescience, or be the vehicles of any especial blessings. Papists, when Protestants become satirical upon the alleged ecstasies of St. Francis, or St. Theresa, have a fair ground for retort, for there were those among Welsh’s friends who related how, looking upon him in his garden one night, whither they had gone to seek him after a long and strange absence, they saw him surrounded by a nimbus of glory, and heard him giving utterance to words, apparently of untranslatable joy. Nor, does it seem to be the only instance. Godly people declared, how, in his neighbourhood, he was sometimes beheld in extraordinary light. Let us not be too severe, either upon these stories, or even many of those recited by Catholic devotees. Perhaps we need scarcely impeach the truthfulness of either one or the other, and may trace them to that reverence which waits on goodness, and even sometimes confounds the senses of its followers. We know not whether to speak of the following instance as more remarkable :—

We now come to an event in Welsh’s life which largely added to his growing reputation and influence. It dates about the month of October, 1604, and was occasioned by the prevalence of that fearful epidemic,

"the pest," of which we read so much in memorials of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Breaking out in the eastern parts of the kingdom, it travelled westward, desolating the places which it visited. On the 10th of September, it had as yet left Glasgow and the places westward unscathed. David Fergushall, provost of Ayr, writing to Robert Boyd of Trochrig, on the 10th of that month, says: "The parts eastward" are "plagued with that fearful plague of contagious pestilence, whereupon already [so] great mortality has ensued, that the best towns there are almost left desolate, yet this west part, from Glasgow westward, in the Lord's great mercy, is hitherto protected, preserved, and hitherto delivered free of all danger, praised be his name!" Shortly after, however, it entered Glasgow, and, advancing westward, extended itself to places not far distant from Ayr.

At the approach of this terrible scourge, the inhabitants of Ayr trembled with dismay. Their minister improved the dispensation by pointing to it as a solemn call to repentance. "As the ark of Noah," said he, in addressing his congregation, "was an example and preacher of repentance to the Jews, even so the pest in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in other parts of the land, is now a preacher good enough to you, for it cries, 'Repent, repent, or else it shall be so with you as it was with them.' Now, therefore, seeing you have so many means of repentance offered to you, and so many preachers proclaiming repentance in your ears, I beseech you, my dear hearers, delay no longer, but return to the Lord in time, before the judgment overtake you."

To secure the town of Ayr, as far as possible from infection, the alarmed magistrates adopted, among other measures, the precaution of appointing persons to guard the approaches to the town, and to prevent all comers from suspicious places from entering within the walls; for Ayr was at that time a walled town, except on the north, where it was protected by the river, and could be entered only by the ancient bridge. There two pedlars on horseback, with packs of goods for disposal, desired admission, showing a clean bill of health from the place whence they had come. They were, nevertheless, stopped by the patrol, and detained till one of the magistrates should determine whether they were to be admitted or no. The magistrate, on being sent for, left the determination of the point to Mr. Welsh, who "had, on account of his holiness, abilities, and success, acquired among his people very great respect." On arriving at the spot, and the matter being explained to him, Welsh, accustomed to acknowledge the Almighty in all his ways, uncovered his head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, silently invoked that wisdom which, in emergencies, is promised to such as ask counsel from God. He then said, "Bailie, cause these men to put on their packs again, and be gone; for if God be in heaven the plague is in these packs." The men went their way, in the direction from which they had come; and going to the village of Cumnock, which was fifteen miles east of Ayr, they were there allowed to sell their goods. Immediately the plague broke out in that place, and raged so violently that the living were scarcely able to bury the dead. At Cumnock, down to our own time, tradition points to a spot, at a short distance from what



was of old the village churchyard, as the burial-place of those who died of the disorder. It is probable that Welsh rested his decision to exclude the pedlars on the simple ground that such would be the course safest for the town's people. We are, at any rate, no way obliged to suppose that in so determining he was influenced, or pretended to be influenced, by any supernatural monition. Followed up, however, as his determination was, by the mortality at Cumnock, it was very natural for an idea of this sort to take firm hold of the public mind, and to enhance the admiration in which he had been held. The happy effects of his labours were also hereby promoted.

Such anecdotes as these, we may be sure, have not been permitted to pass without receiving the strong strictures of some of those adverse to the views for which Welsh was a martyr. Among others, we notice Mr. John Burton, in his very interesting volumes, *The Scot Abroad*; but we do not think he has given quite so much attention to the subject of his criticism, as so redoubtable a Scotchman deserved. To us, it is most interesting to notice, that the period during which the good man resided in Ayr, seems to have been to himself blissful and happy, while, from the commencement of his labours in the place, where the bulk of the people were sunk in ignorance and vandalism, he brought about so great a change, that the place became as remarkable for intelligence, as it had been for ignorance; and for piety as it had been for barbarity; so much so, that, when several years after, some subsequent minister sought to press Popish ceremonies and prelatie sentiments in the church, the whole of the people rose, and departed, and left the minister to the solitary enjoyment of his own unscriptural and prelatie ideas. On what terms he had stood with the King and the Court all this time, does not very distinctly transpire. We know some friendly intercourse existed between them, and the King had been favourably disposed to his work against the Papacy; but at last, the time of trial came, the King was determined to press Episcopacy upon Scotland, and Welsh, and several of those who acted with him, regarded this with feelings, certainly not short of hatred and horror. We can now understand how the men who indulged in these feelings, were justified and consistent in themselves, while we may be amazed that Episcopacy, as compared with Presbyterianism, should have excited emotions so bitter. We should remember then, that there was sufficient to arouse all strongest feelings, in the fact, that it was a government imposed upon the Church by sheer tyranny, and against the will of the Church; while we may say now, what assuredly Welsh and his brethren might have said then, that the history of Episcopacy awakens

ideas very discrepant to the conception of a pure and healthful Church. Welsh only knew Episcopacy in its relation to courtly servility, and princely emoluments, to palaces, and pomps, and worldly vanities. The earnest, despised men, like Welsh—Elijahs and Elishas in the midst of crooked and perverse generations, consumed by zeal for the Lord of Hosts—were exactly the men to resist to the death the minions James sought to impose on the country. This, in brief, was the foundation of the new rupture between Welsh and the King. We must not follow it through all its parts, further than to say, that he was made the victim of a Court *ruse*, and thus, in the year 1605, came to an end his ministry in Ayr, and in Scotland. He had spent the greater part of the night in prayer, anticipating that his work was almost ended, and agitated by the troubles he saw impending over his Church; he then retired for a little while to rest, and before he awoke, the King's messenger was in his house to carry him a prisoner before the Privy Council. But he would not leave his people without meeting them again; the great bell of the church tolled and called them to service; the church was thronged, the sermon he preached then is before us now, or the notes of it, and has long been a favourite with us for its practical holiness, its pathos, and sustained assurance—its calm, self-forgetfulness. His text was—and there was beautiful fitness in it in the recollection that he would only descend from the pulpit to mount his horse, a prisoner. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The congregation gathered in tears round their beloved pastor and friend, the streets were thronged with tearful crowds, grieving not only at his loss, but at a departure for which the worst might be foreboded. The three chief officers of the Church and parish mounted their horses to give him their presence and company on his journey. The notes of his last sermon, and as many of the preceding as could be obtained, were sought in manuscript; copied, and scattered through the neighbourhood, and by-and-by, after his death, they came to be gathered into a volume, —a helpful, powerful little volume—which has long been a great favourite with us; meantime it was given forth from the pulpit, that every man should continue paying his contributions "until the minister is hame coming." It is a touching memorial of love in a rude day, it was all they could do to sustain him in his long black imprisonment, but as to his "hame coming," he was never to return any more. The people of Ayr would never see him in the pulpit any more, he had given them a last farewell. He was very soon a prisoner in Blackness, a famous



martyr-prison of that time ; it stands on a rock projecting into the Southern shore of the Forth, about four miles from Linlithgow ; how far its antiquity travels back, is unknown ; it is a grim memorial of early feudalism ; looming up, as our readers have seen it, no doubt, like the black hulk of a wrecked pirate ship. James I. made it the principal State prison in Scotland ; it is still a dreary haunt of many dungeons, and that in which Welsh was confined has been trodden by many a reverent foot since ; it is on the floor, a piece of shelving rock. The whole castle itself was called by James Melville, "a fowl holl." The dungeon into which they thrust Welsh, seems to have been one of the foulest holes. At high-water it was washed by the sea ; it had no fireplace, and only a loop-hole, fourteen inches long, and four broad, for the admission of light and air ! Thus we are admitted to a little spectacle of the way in which Protestantism has sought in Blackness, as well as on the grand acclivities of the Bass Rock and Duncottar, to keep pace with the cruelties of the Bastile on the Seine, and the Inquisition in Spain. In the same castle with Welsh were some of his most familiar friends, but they were so carefully kept from each other in separate dungeons, that they could not be a mutual help and consolation ; yet in their solitude they seem to have lived a life of transcendental blessedness. Welsh had numerous and sympathizing friends, among whom is especially mentioned, a lady, remarkable for piety and genius ; Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross, from her mansion, beautiful in its situation on the Forth, she saw the grey old fortress, on the opposite side, which drew the attention of all Scotland, as the dark dwelling-place of Welsh. She could not visit him. She wrote to him. She was a poet of extraordinary genius ; as her "Godly Dream" testifies, and of which, Dr. Armstrong speaks as "an old composition, almost "too terrible for the ear." She could not but address the imprisoned patriot in language suitable to her nature. Welsh himself belonged very much to that order of mind represented to us in the wonderful letters of Samuel Rutherford. We, perhaps, must scarcely measure what seems to us the misery of such men by our low ideas of comfort, or our ignorance of that life of ecstasy they were able to indulge. At last, after many months, during which time the Government and Privy Council had been besieged on their account, Welsh, with his fellow-prisoners were informed that the period of their trial drew nigh. It was on the 9th of January, 1606, he was roused by the tramp of horses, the King's guard from Linlithgow. As Welsh heard the sound of the trumpet, he said to his brother ministers who had been per-

mitted some intercourse with him more recently, "Courage, brethren; now let us sing the eleventh Psalm;" and they did unitedly, waking the echoes of the old black castle; they were then conveyed as malefactors, to Linlithgow, where we are pleased to see the Earl and Countess had the courage, courteously to receive them, and hospitably to entertain them; through them also they seem to have been permitted to hold intercourse with a number of their eminent brethren in the ministry who had come from all parts of Scotland to sustain them by their presence, on their trial. Much of the pith of the business is contained in the following clear and striking words in which Welsh at the commencement of the trial, speaking in the name of all the rest, refused to acknowledge the right of the King at all in the matter:—

"My Lords, because some may be offended at the word *simpliciter* in our Declinature, wherein we say, that we decline the judgment of the Lords of Secret Council *simpliciter* in our cause, as if we had declined *simpliciter* their authority in all causes, we therefore wish to say to your Lordships, that in all civil matters we acknowledge his Majesty's authority, and the authority of his Majesty's Secret Council, as far as any other subject of the land, and with all reverence submit ourselves to his sovereignty and to the judgment of his Majesty's Secret Council, in all [such] matters as far as any subject did, or would or could do; but as to the affairs of Christ's kingdom we ought to decline, and lawfully we do decline, the judgment of any civil judicature, seeing that to Jesus Christ only, as the only King in his Kirk and Kingdom, appertaineth the judicature of all things belonging thereto. Yea, it has been the practice of all Christian emperors and princes to judge of civil affairs by civil persons, and in ecclesiastical affairs, to judge with the Kirk, and only as members of the Kirk. So that, as civil affairs should be judged by the King and civil persons only, so should ecclesiastical affairs be judged only by the Kirk, and by the King only as a member of the Kirk."

So these words, themselves, were about to be pronounced "treason;" the judge declaring that "all the lords found the prisoners' declinature to be such." "Say not *all*, my Lord!" exclaimed the Earl of Mar, "for there are here that are not, and never will be, of that judgment." The Earl was supported in his protest, but the efforts were in vain; at length, by jury, the ministers were convicted upon a majority of nine to six. John Livingstone, of Dunnipace, one of their number, declaring that he "not only acquitted the prisoners of treason, but owned them to be honest ministers of Christ, and good subjects of the King." Several others of the jury, that very night seem to have been smitten with remorse, on account

of their verdict ; and with the exception of the lords, the emissaries of the King, who had urged on the prosecution, grief, and even amazed astonishment seem to have fallen over the hearts of all men. We are told that the prisoners, themselves, seemed as cheerful as ever ; sentence could not be pronounced, it was altogether too unexampled and dangerous a business. Whatever might be the will or wish of the King, a slight sentence would only recoil upon him with contempt, and that which he had power to pronounce, even "Death," might excite a horror too great even for him to restrain within bounds ; for these were not the days of his grandson and Claverhouse. The prisoners were conducted back to Blackness, through the night, and amidst the cries of the people :—"God grant the King may never be in danger from worse traitors !" Elizabeth Welsh was one of the disappointed that night ; even she who must have known James pretty well, and what tricks his tyranny could play, seems to have expected the acquittal of her husband ; she had not been permitted to see him since that last day in Ayr. She looked for his restoration, to his Church, to her, and to his children ; and had come seventy-five miles, from Ayr to Blackness, to see how it would fare with him ; but on the result of the trial, she was able to display her accustomed magnanimity, while she said of her husband and his friends, "they were treated as their Master was before them, judged and "condemned under the silence of the night." A few days after his restoration to his old dungeon, Welsh wrote his celebrated letter to Liliash Grahame, the Countess of Wigtoun, daughter of the Earl of Montrose, an ancestor of the detestable Claverhouse ; but, herself, a woman of highest holiness, and remarkable for her attachment to the persecuted members of Christ in Scotland. We have referred to the likeness Welsh bears to Rutherford, in his spirit and ecstasy of devout expression. Let such passages as the following from this letter, more distinctly assure the reader of this :—

"My desire to remain here is not great, knowing that so long as I am in this home of clay, I am absent from God: and if it were dissolved, I look for a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In this I groan, desiring to be clothed upon with my house which is in heaven ; if so be that being clothed, I shall not be found naked. For I that am within his tabernacle, do often groan and sigh within myself, being oftentimes burdened ; not that I would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. I long to eat of the fruit of that tree which is planted in the midst of the paradise of God ; and to drink of the pure river, clear as crystal, that runs through



the street of the New Jerusalem. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the last day upon the earth : and though after my skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for myself, and not another for me ; and my eyes shall behold him, though my reins be consumed within me. I long to be refreshed with the souls of them that are under the altar, who were slain for the word of God, and the testimony which they held ; and to have these long white robes given me, that I may walk in white raiment with those glorious saints who have washed their garments, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

“ Why should I think it a strange thing to be removed from this place to that wherein my Hope, my Joy, my Crown, my Elder Brother, my Head, my Father, my Comforter, and all the glorified saints are ; and where the song of Moses and the Lamb is sung joyfully ; where we shall not be compelled to sit by the rivers of Babylon, and to hang up our harps on the willow trees, but shall take them up and sing the new Hallelujah, Blessing, honour, glory, and power, to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever ? What is there under the old vault of the heavens, and in this old worn earth, which is under the bondage of corruption, groaning and travailing in pain, and, as it were, still shooting out the head, looking, waiting, and longing for the redemption of the sons of God ? What is there, I say, that should make me desire to remain here ? I expect that new heaven, and that new earth, wherein righteousness dwelleth, wherein I shall rest for evermore. I look to get entry into the New Jerusalem, at one of those twelve gates whereupon are written the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. I know that Christ Jesus hath prepared them for me. Why may I not then, with boldness, in his blood, step into that glory, where my Head and Lord hath gone before me ? ”

Our biographer has seemed to think it necessary to apologize for the glowing devotion which pervades the sentiment and expression of this letter, apparently inconsistent with the rigid and refined taste of modern times. The character of modern thought has much interfered with the possibility of indulging in such raptures, or enjoying such prelibations of heavenly happiness. Let us not seek to rob the martyrs of their ecstasies, as well as of their homes, from the crypt and the cell, where the mind was compelled to turn in upon itself, but where, as it did so, it found the precious furniture of the Ark and the Testament ; having within itself, too, a power of reading human destiny, beneath the light of strong assurances, there went forth a power of elevated character and hope ; even buoyant in its “ I know in whom I have believed.” We really must not learn to read the majestic experiences of the martyrs by our silver-kettle lisps, and tea-table piety ; if we have this, let us be thankful for so much, but let us never suppose that this is the kind of

stuff to sustain in the black dungeon ; or there, to inspire such letters as that to the Countess of Wigtoun. We do not think it wonderful, that, after his conviction, Welsh should have indulged the darkest dreams of the future of Scotland, so much so, that his words again have often been quoted as prophecies. In this way, Fleming, in his *Fulfilling of Scripture* refers to them. In fact, it scarcely needed, we think, a prophetic soul to give the assurance, that if the King sought to impose rubbishing Church ceremonies on Scotland, there were thousands, and many scores of thousands, who would flock up from the deep glens and black mountain passes, flinging down their gauntlet of defiance, and if defeated, yielding their bodies to the savage will of a despot, or the battenning of the black crow, ere they would relinquish the birthright of their souls ; hence, in the same letter, Welsh writes :—

“Now,” says he, with an air of majesty and authority resembling that of the Old Testament prophets, “is the prophecy at hand to be fulfilled, which these two worthy servants of the Lord, Mr. George Wishart and Mr. Knox, my father-in-law spake ; which was, That Christ should be crucified in this land again, but glorious should his resurrection be, as Mr. Knox with his own hand wrote it upon the the margin of Calvin’s Sermons upon the Passion ; which is yet extant. But alas ! for this kingdom. My testimony thereof does not differ from the testimony of many others before this time, who said, that the judgment of Scotland should be blood ; this kingdom should be drowned in blood ; a furbished and glittering sword is already drawn out of the scabbard, which shall not return till it be made drunk with the blood of men in this land ; first, the heavy intestine sword, and next the sword of the strangers. O doleful Scotland ! well were he that were removed from thee, that his eyes might not see, nor his ears hear, all the evils that shall come on thee. Neither the strong man by his strength, nor the rich man by his riches, nor the wise man by his wisdom, nor the noble man by his blood, shall be delivered from the judgments, (Jeremiah ix. 23). There is a great sacrifice to be made in Bozrah, (Isa. xxxiv. 6),—in thee, O Scotland ! of the blood of all estates in the land, Ephraim consuming Manasseh, and Manasseh, Ephraim ; brother against brother ; and every man in the indignation of the Lord shall be armed, to thrust his sword in the side of his neighbour, and all for the contempt of the glorious gospel, and his precious word which has been offered to Scotland, the like whereof has not been offered to any nation. Therefore the greater shall your judgments be ; but the sanctuary must be begun at, and the measure is not yet fulfilled until the blood of the saints be shed. Then the cry thereof will be great, and will not stay till it bring down the Lord from His heavenly throne, to see if the sin of Scotland be according to the cry thereof.”

Something like the national sense upon the verdict of the



Council is shown in, that a few days after, proclamation was made at the Market-Cross at Edinburgh, forbidding all persons on pain of death, either publicly or privately, to find fault with the proceedings against the ministers. At length the sentence was pronounced, after eight months from the trial ; it is dated, "Hampton Court, 26th Sept., 1606." It was that of instant and perpetual banishment upon pain of death. We may quote this beautiful document :—

"We have of our wonted clemency," says his Majesty, "upon that respect only, spared to inflict the rigour of the law at this time ; it being our will and pleasure that our Lord Justice, or his deputes, should appoint and affix a Justice-Court, to be kept at Linlithgow, or any other place else that you shall think expedient, upon the 23rd day of October, next to come, and there cause sentence to be given out against the said traitors, *to be banished out of all our dominions during all the days of their natural lives, upon pain of death ; and the sentence being pronounced, our will and pleasure is, that they be taken back again to prison, there to remain for the space of one month, to prepare themselves for their departure ; before the expiry whereof, if they do not depart, wind and weather serving, our will and pleasure is that the ordinary death usually inflicted upon traitors be directed to be executed upon them ; and if they shall not depart within the said space, or being departed, shall return into our dominions without our license, they shall incur the pain of death, and all other pains due to persons convicted of treason.*"

A month was permitted them, still in Blackness, to make arrangements for their departure. At Leith Pier, having bade adieu to their dungeon, Welsh and his companions, at an early hour in the morning, before an immense concourse of people—to whom he had given his prayers and exhortations to hold fast the doctrine he had taught, and expressing to them his own inward joy—set sail for the coast of France. The multitudes thronging the shores and pier strained their eyes to catch the last glimpse of the ship with its glorious freight of noble saints, while they, as they receded, sustained themselves, and regaled the hearts of their "griefful" friends, by unitedly chanting on their way of exile the Twenty-third Psalm.

Welsh was a wanderer through those parts of France and the Continent where Protestantism was held in esteem. His name would be well known to the great Huguenot party. He came to Rochelle—"The Geneva of France," as Voltaire calls it—the stronghold of Continental Protestantism. And the Reformed Church was very powerful at that time—of single churches, it had two thousand, one hundred, and fifty, many of them with two thousand members, and most of them with two ministers,

some with four or five. Alas! it was sunshine before the storm. Welsh arrived at Rochelle about the time that the Synod was sitting; and while he was invited to occupy a place in its midst, it is pleasing to see that it appointed a deputation, one of its number but a countryman of Welsh, to inquire into the pecuniary wants of the exiled brethren, and if necessary to help them. Holiest men have their infirmities, and therefore we must forgive the good John that he seems to have been rather offended at this sending of a deputation to inquire anent his private and pecuniary resources, which seems to us a proof that they would have borne no very close inspection. Indeed, his circumstances we know at this time, were poor enough; his church at Ayr did indeed, for many years after his banishment, forward to him his stipend. In those days, however, there must have been great difficulties in this, and at the time the Synod sent Gilbert Primrose, their deputation, to him, he had not received it. He, however, declined help from the Synod; but even while doing so, lo! not less than thirty of his old parishioners have come across the channel from Ayr to see him once more in the flesh, encountering the rough storms of the Bay of Biscay, that their hearts might beat, and their voices rise with their beloved minister's again. This is one of the most beautiful testimonials of affection to a minister of which we have ever heard. We believe we know instances of presentation of plate, of hundreds, nay thousands of pounds, which do not at all convey so much. The Synod gladly granted the Hall of their College, that John Welsh might have services with his attached flock. There were the people from Ayr, and a great many besides, Englishmen, Dutchmen, and others who understood the Scottish language. When we remember the fine tenderness and pathos of Welsh's nature, we can quickly feel what a time of power and tears that interview must have been. We do not wonder that there was one text, apparently the farewell text, which called up all the old Scotch Sabbaths and services, and proved the channel of memory, tears, and consolation. What other text could it be? Psalm xlii., 4-6. "When I remember these things," &c., &c. Promises of continued help, by no means, we suppose, refused in this case—for a Scot does not mind showing his empty breeks to a Scot—then the assurances of loving sympathy between the old town of Ayr and the wandering exile, and his people have departed; they are on their way across the Bay of Biscay again, and Welsh has to think how he shall employ himself during these remaining years. How he felt we may, in some measure, gather from his letters to Boyd, a beloved brother minister of Trochrig:—

"You know that I write to you, not after the flattering and lying manner of this hypocritical age. No, brother, I speak truth to you in Christ. It is a part of my joy that I know and do believe, that we shall live and reign together in that eternal glory; that we are chosen, redeemed, loved, justified, adopted, and sanctified, and shall be glorified together. Now God be thanked in Christ Jesus—blessed be He whom one day we shall bless and glorify eternally. But I must break off, and yet how should I leave this, were [it] not that I will not overlaid you with the multitude of words, which otherwise is burden sufficiently. Again and again, brother, I rejoice in the remembrance of your joy and hope, whereof we [have] tasted, wherewith we shall be satisfied. You have to rejoice; and I rejoice in the matter of your rejoicing, yea, even in this that you have such a matter of rejoicing in Christ. O that unknown light and life, that unknown weight and eternity of that unspeakable glory! It is no wonder that the heavens and earth rejoice in the hope of it, and groan and shoot out their heads, waiting for the full redemption. Brother, brother, this world knows not that mystery of godliness, and that prepared glory, which the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor as yet is entered into the heart of man. O well is the man that finds mercy in this age in which, although the light shine, yet faith is rare! Brother, I think the Lord has taken his Spirit to himself, and has no delight to dwell with the children of men. The security is such that I know not if it be possible that any thing shall awake even the wise, not to mention the foolish virgins, till that shout be heard that the Bridegroom is coming!"

Those years of wanderings are as interesting as any in Welsh's life. We meet with him in many places, especially at Jonsac; he had his wife and children with him here, but he was not comfortable; their health had never been good in that place; they lived in a wretched hovel, the people showed them no sympathy, and manifested no disposition to procure a more desirable lodging for them. Here, indeed, his sufferings extract from him groans deeper and more plaintive than any we hear from the dungeons of Blackness; it is from hence we listen to the cry, the pathos of which fixed itself in the memory of Thomas Carlyle, "I dwine  
"and dee in languor; my soul is consumed and withered; but the  
"Lord will send deliverance when it shall please Him." Yet traditions of his even awful holiness long lingered in the neighbourhood of Jonsac. One especially is incorporated into these pages, with which we may presume most of our readers to be familiar, as it has been quoted often from the pages of Kirkton; it is, however, so characteristic, that we quote it here again:—

"While Mr. Welsh was minister of one of these French villages, upon an evening a certain Popish friar travelling through the country, because he could not find lodging in the whole village, addressed himself to Mr. Welsh's house for one night. The servants acquainted their



master, and he was content to receive this guest. The family had supped before he came, and so the servants convoyed the friar to his chamber; and after they had made his supper, they left him to his rest. There was but a timber partition betwixt him and Mr. Welsh; and after the friar had slept his first sleep, he was surprised with the noise of a silent but constant whispering noise, at which he wondered very much, and was not a little troubled with it. The next morning, he walked in the fields, when he chanced to meet a countryman who, saluting him because of his habit [dress], asked him where he had lodged that night? The friar answered, he had lodged with the Huguenot minister. Then the countryman asked him what entertainment he had? The friar answered, 'Very bad; for (said he) I always held there were devils haunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me this night; for I heard a continual whisper all the night over, which I believe was no other thing than the minister and the devil conversing together.' The countryman told him he was much mistaken; and that it was nothing else but the minister at his night prayer. 'O,' said the friar, 'does the minister pray any?' 'Yes, more than any man in France,' answered the countryman; 'and if you please to stay another night with him you may be satisfied.' The friar gat him home to Mr. Welsh's house, and pretending indisposition, entreated another night's lodging, which was granted him.

"Before dinner, Mr. Welsh came from his chamber, and made his family exercise according to custom. And first, he sung a psalm, then read a portion of Scripture, and discoursed upon it; thereafter he prayed with great fervour, as his custom was; to all which the friar was an astonished witness. After the exercise they went to dinner, where the friar was very civilly entertained, Mr. Welsh forbearing all question and dispute for the time. When the evening came Mr. Welsh made his exercise as he had done in the morning, which occasioned yet more wondering in the friar. And after supper, to bed they all went, but the friar longed much to know what the night whisper was, and in that he was soon satisfied; for after Mr. Welsh's first sleep the noise began; and then the friar, resolved to be sure what it was, crept to Mr. Welsh's chamber door, and there he heard not only the sound but the words distinctly, and communications betwixt God and man, and such as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this, the next morning, as soon as Mr. Welsh was ready, the friar went to him, and told him that he had been bred in ignorance, and lived in darkness all his time; but now he was resolved to adventure his soul with Mr. Welsh, and thereupon declared himself Protestant. Mr. Welsh welcomed and encouraged him, and he continued a constant Protestant to his dying day. This story I had from a godly minister, who was bred in Mr. Welsh's house in France."

"Truly," says the biographer, "had they been mindful of that country from which they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned;" but neither Welsh nor Forbes, nor their brave fellow-exiles were made of returnable material.

Welsh did leave Jonsac, and hovered about still in the region at the foot of the Pyrenees, exercising his ministry at Nerac, and St. Jean d'Angely. Nerac still holds faithfully its old traditional Protestantism ; in the annals of the Reformation it is a venerable spot ; it was the heritage of the family of d'Albret—the ancestors of the houses of Navarre and Bourbon. There Henry IV. spent his earliest years ; there the beautiful and saintly Margaret, sister of Francis I., was able to offer a home to many a homeless wanderer ; there Calvin found a retreat in the period between his flight from Paris and his entrance to Geneva, and many others whom it is needless to particularize ; here Welsh was happier, although there are fewer traces of him here than in most other spots, but long imprisonment, anxiety, and vicissitude had fixed ineradicable maladies in his frame, and even the refreshing breezes of the Pyrenees failed to invigorate him. He writes to an old Scotch friend, "Help me by your incessant prayers to finish the rest of my pilgrimage without blame and with some consolation—the time of my dislodging is not far off. May God prepare my lamp." St. Jean d'Angely was the last sphere of usefulness occupied by Welsh in France ; his ministry here was famous, and became as remarkable as it had been in his own country. His life for some few years was happy apparently, until, upon the rise of the hostility of Government towards the reformed religion, the city was besieged ; and in this extremity Welsh showed that he was not unequal to some of the duties of warfare. In particular, he displayed one piece of heroism, recorded by his biographer, so remarkable that it averted the calamities hanging over the city and led to the terms of capitulation ; the King himself was at the siege, and he remained at St. Jean d'Angely for a number of days after it had capitulated, to refresh his army. The following anecdotes are very interesting:—

During this interval, Welsh was earnestly entreated by his friends not to appear in public on the Sabbath, because the celebration of Protestant worship so near the Court was unknown in France ; it would give offence ; it might even expose his life to danger. He would not, however, be dissuaded. He determined to officiate as usual ; which he did to a congregation more than ordinarily numerous, a vast auditory having been drawn together, partly by the novelty of Huguenot preaching almost within hearing of royalty. Whilst he was proceeding with the service, the King sent the Duke of Espernon with some military to apprehend him. Beholding their approach, and knowing the duke's rank from his apparel, Welsh, in a tone of authority, demanded of the people that they should make way for the marischal, and provide seats for him and his attendants, that they might listen to the Word of God.



Either conscience-stricken, or perceiving the impolicy of so harsh an action as that of making prisoner a man enjoying so large a measure of popular favour, the duke, instead of interrupting the preacher, sat down and heard him to the close of the service. After this he conducted him the King to answer for his temerity.

The King, who was incensed, demanded how it came to pass that he dared to preach heresy so near his person. "Sire," said Welsh, "if you did right, you yourself would come and hear me preach, and you would make all France hear me likewise; for I preach not as those men whom you are accustomed to hear. My preaching differs from theirs in these two points: First, I preach that you must be saved by the death and merits of Jesus Christ, and not your own, and I am sure your own conscience tells you, that your good works will never merit heaven for you. Next, I preach that, as you are King of France, you are under the authority and command of no man on earth. Those men whom you usually hear, subject you to the Pope of Rome, which I will never do." Welsh, when he said this, no doubt referred to the doctrine commonly taught by Romanist preachers, and more especially to that inculcated by Cardinal Bellarmine, in his "Treatise of the Pope's Power in Temporal Causes," published in 1610, and which had excited no small interest at that time, engaging the grave deliberations of the Parliament of Paris, which decided the question against the Cardinal, and ordered his book to be suppressed. Indeed the greatest writers of the Gallican Church maintained that the King of France had no superior on earth in temporal matters.

Louis felt flattered by the coincidence of Welsh's doctrine respecting the independent power of kings with his own ideas, and with the decision of the Parliament of Paris; and with the utmost good humour he said, "*Hé bien, vous seriez mon ministre,*" "Well, well, you shall be my minister," at the same time calling him "Father"—a title of reverence.

The King, however, was a deceiver; his treatment of the town was base and perfidious, and despotism and Romanism soon asserted their sway within its walls. Very remarkable, however, the King did not forget John Welsh; he commanded the captain in guard of the town to show all manner of kindness to "his minister"—place sentinels before his dwelling-house, and provide waggons to convey him and his family to Rochelle. Rochelle was the Jerusalem of France, but it was surrounded with armies; to go to Geneva would be a long, expensive, and dangerous journey; his physician advised him to seek permission to return to his native country, to breathe his native air, but this the King, James I., peremptorily denied; only if he chose he might come to London to be dealt with. Mrs. Welsh had an interview with the King—

The King asked, Who was her father? "John Knox," was her

reply. "Knox and Welsh!" exclaimed the King; "the devil never made sic a match as that." "It's right like, Sir," said she "for we never speired [asked] his advice." His Majesty next inquired, How many children her father had left, and if they were lads or lasses? "Three," she said, "and they were all lasses." "God be thanked," cried James, lifting up both his hands; "for if they had been three lads, I had never buiked [enjoyed] my three kingdoms in peace." She urged that the King would give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air!" the King exclaimed; "give him the devil!" "Give that to your hungry courtiers!" she indignantly rejoined. The King at last told her that, if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he would grant her request. Lifting up her apron, and holding it towards his Majesty, she heroically said, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep [receive] his head there!" The memorialist to whom we are indebted for this anecdote adds, after recording it, that King "James stood in great awe of Mr. Welsh, who often reproved him for his habit of profane swearing. If he had at any time been swearing in a public place, he would have turned round and asked if Welsh was near."

It was a singular interview; he was, however, ultimately permitted to remain in London, where we have an account of his preaching once; but his constitution was completely worn out, and he, shortly after his return, in the year 1622, died. He was buried, in the most simple manner, in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London; no monument, no stone, no grave marks where. He was indebted to the charity of some previous lord mayor even for a decent burial. This unknown dignitary had made a gift of a parcel of ground for the interment of foreigners refusing to comply with the Anglican rites; but for this, he would not have found a burial in an ordinary burying-ground. His wife did not long survive him—she died, 1625, we are glad to know, far above want; though, the property of which she was possessed, it is likely, was only available in her own country, and would, therefore, leave herself and her husband in poverty as exiles. We have given, thus, a very brief and concise outline, of a life we are glad to find thus comprehensively and ably compiled. As a chapter in the annals of Church history it was much wanted, and as a study of the times, and of a character eminently illustrative of the religious life of the times—fervent, self-assured, standing stern and steady against every attack, wrought up to the highest flame of enthusiasm, and able to fulfil in the life what enthusiasm had kindled in the spirit—as presenting a study of all these features, the volume before us is profoundly interesting. It only comes before us with sad associations, as reminding us that the active hand of its compiler has gone down to the dust

before the publication of his work of patience and affection. It, however, may be to him, even where he is, a satisfaction to know that his last years were spent in doing honour to one of the noblest of his countrymen ; and while the dust is borne and carried, "no marble tells us whither," rearing a still better monument, from the press, to the brave and holy John Welsh.]

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## II.

### BUSHNELL ON VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.\*

THIS is a book which cannot fail, from the reputation of its author and the clearness of his style, and the order and arrangement beneath which he is usually able to marshal his ideas, to exercise considerable influence; it will also for the same reasons find a large acceptance. Moreover, the volume has an exhaustive appearance; in the hand, when it is cursorily taken up and glanced through, it seems as if almost every topic connected with the general subject had passed in review before the author's mind; and we are thankful for the volume,—all that its excellent author attempts, he attempts to perform earnestly; he puts into his labour the spirit of a large ability, and piles and accumulates the results of his labour: but there are many pages and illustrations of which we do not admire the taste. The following analogy between Christ and President Lincoln is shocking to every reverent and right feeling:—

When we receive the glorification of Christ, and the completion of His great name, as a revision or revised impression, to which we are incited by His resurrection and ascension, we are not without many illustrations. I send these sheets to the press, when our great nation is dissolving, as it were, in its tears of mourning, for the great and true Father whom the assassins of law and liberty have sent on his way to the grave. What now do we see in him, but all that is wisest, and most faithful, and worthiest of his perilous magistracy. A halo rests upon his character, and we find no longer anything to

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\* *The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation.* By Horace Bushnell, D.D., Author of "Nature and the Supernatural," &c. Alexander Strahan.



blame, scarcely anything not to admire, in the measures and counsels of his gloriously upright, impartial, passionless, undiscourageable rule. But we did not always see him in that figure. When, already three full years of his time were gone by, many of us were doubtful whether most to blame or to praise, and many who most wanted to praise, had well-nigh lost their confidence in him, and even retained their respect with difficulty. But the successes he deserved began, at last, to come, and the merit of his rule to appear. We only doubted still whether wholly to approve and praise. A certain grotesqueness and oversimplicity, in spite of all our favouring judgments, kept off still the just impression of his dignity, and suffered us to only half believe. But the tragic close of his life added a new element, and brought on a second revision; setting him in a character only the more sublime, because it is original and quite unmatched in history. The great name now of Abraham Lincoln emerges complete, a power of blessing on mankind, and a bond of homage in the feeling of his country for ever.

Shall we not see, in this humbler and yet striking example, how it is that moral power, even the moral power of Christ, emerges finally and is crowned, only when the necessary point of revision is reached.

Such a passage might have been forgiven—scarcely forgiven in a discourse to a multitude—but it ought not to have been admitted into such a book; and it seems to testify to some want in the writer which may elucidate the defect of his system, for there is a close connection between good taste—and a perception of the highest truths. In the last number of our *Review*, in the paper upon the *Ecce Homo*, we quoted the profound and beautiful passage upon the treatment by our Lord of the woman taken in adultery; that which the author of *Ecce Homo* beholds as a scene of astonishing pathos strikes Dr. Bushnell as an illustration of the grotesque in Christ.

*Some few of the facts of His life bore a grotesque look, at the time, and could easily be turned to ridicule, as indeed they have been since. Thus when the woman is brought before Him craftily, by her accusers, to obtain His judgment on her sin, he writes abstractedly on the ground, lifting Himself up at length to shoot in His bolt—"let him that is without sin cast the first stone"—and then stooping down again to write on the ground as before. This would be ridiculed in a man, as a figure of mere hocus-pocus. And yet, &c., &c.*

Some of the expressions do truly amaze and astound us. Speaking of eternal punishment he says, "It is surmised by some that as we only get the slenderest impressions any way of the state of suffering called eternal, the intent of Christ may only be to shove our thought over on that's ea, and let us get the measures of it by our long voyage afterward." We do not like the

expression "co-factors" so frequently applied to the work of the Divine attributes. We do think Dr. Bushnell is needlessly discourteous when approaching the discussion of the great question of the Atonement of Christ; approaching it from the more generally received stand-point he speaks of it as "coming to the borders of the Amalekites," and when, after citing a number of the texts more ordinarily quoted in support of the evangelistic view of the Atonement, he says:—

*The charlatanism of interpretation—it is really one of the saddest chapters of our Christian history! And what a revelation of it have these poor texts to give, when released from their long captivity, and allowed to simply speak for themselves!*

We have always protested against this impeachment of motive in controversy; from Dr. Bushnell we certainly did not expect it. We assure him that his theory of the Atonement does not satisfy us. He admits his theory is far away from giving satisfaction to Luther—it would not have satisfied Bunyan; the list of illustrious confessors it would not have satisfied would fill three columns on this page, and Dr. Bushnell is under the necessity of calling them all "charlatans." It is pitiable, we are not under the necessity of calling him one for using the texts in other relations; he makes them somehow bend to his theory; but why must we attribute such a term to those who use them in other connections? And it may be said in passing, that Dr. Pye Smith would lie open upon Dr. Bushnell's showing to this charge of "charlatanism of interpretation." It will be gathered from our remarks and citations, that, in this work, Dr. Bushnell does not command our respect; the following, for instance, is his method of dealing with a well-known and most central text, in his determination to get rid of the doctrine of expiation for sin:—

The text most commonly cited as a conclusive and indubitable assertion of expiation, is that which was just now referred to—"for without shedding of blood there is no remission." As if the word "blood" were to be taken with all our uncircumcised associations of murder and death and terror upon it, not as a life-giving and restoring word; and as if the word "remission" were to have our lightest, most superficial, merely human meaning of a letting go; when we know that, in order to really mean anything in religion, it must signify an *executed* remission, an inward, spiritual release or cleansing. Suppose then that our great Apostle had said, what to him signifies exactly the same thing, "for without the life-renewing blood there is no cleansing for sin." *It is difficult to speak with due patience of this unhappy text, so long compelled to grind in the mill of expiation; turning out, always, in the*

*slow rotation of centuries, this creak of harsh announcement, that God must have some bloody satisfaction, else He cannot let transgression go!*

Well, this is Dr. Bushnell's method of dealing with the doctrine he attacks so vehemently. We may also say with the men who, in all ages, have maintained the doctrine, very singularly, in a work of all others demanding calmness and consecration of temper, he has in a more distinct manner than we remember in any of his works hitherto laid these graces aside, and we have frequently felt strong emotions of indignation stirring within us as we have found the views of the holders of the doctrine of expiation, we must say, very deliberately distorted, as if all their conceptions of God were harsh, hard, and inflexible; and Dr. Bushnell must have known all along that the views he assails as much involve the tender and pitying compassion of Infinite love as his own. The work of our author results, of course, from the peculiar texture and accomplishment of his mind and moral nature. Dr. Bushnell's is not a profound mind; he has an admirable way of taking an extensive glance over the whole field or continent of a subject, and grouping all its parts into clear and distinct order. We have often to remember, when we think of his writings, the essential distinction between acute and profound; his thoughts are usually characterized rather by sharpness than depth, while there seem to be more evidences of a quick intellect than an intense moral consciousness; there is much information, and sometimes a rapid glance which, like a sudden gleam of lightning, illuminates the whole subject. Usually, also, as we have said above, there is a depth of purpose or earnestness which bears the mind of the reader along, and almost produces upon the spirit the effect of depth of thought, in the strong hand it lays on the reader. But the subject of his present volume is no other than a dissertation upon the very corner-stone of the universe. A thousand men might write upon it, and their little essays might serve to touch the feelings of a superficial congregation or answer the purpose of the hour; but Dr. Bushnell is a philosopher—he has accustomed himself to search after the roots and springs of principles and things. Moreover, his books have wide circulation, and are not without a kind of influence. In this work he felicitates himself and charms his pen, as his hand pursues its labour from page to page, with the belief that he really has found that *nexus* of argument which will unite all the consents of the Christian world; the title implies it—"vicarious sacrifice is grounded on the principle of universal obligation." In his introduction he shows the fault of systems of theology in this, that they have not re-



ceived, any one of them, the general consent of the Christian world, and we presume he supposes that, at last, the happy reconciling word is spoken by himself.

Now we shall very likely be uttering a sentiment suspicious to many of our readers, when we say we have never been, nor are we now, disposed to widen the differences of the great systems of Christian theology; in their intellectual forms they, no doubt, differ widely—in their heart they are one. As the unity of the race is tested rather in what different nations talk about, the ceremonies they observe in their temple and their worship, their sacrifices, marriages, and funeral rites—which are judged much more impressive tests of unity than either colour, or height, or shape, or hair—so is it with the Christian faith; the difficulty has been found, not so much in apprehending it as a faith, as reducing it to a catechism or a creed. As the intellectual apprehension of the most orthodox Christian is very likely far more heretical than he knows of, so is the moral apprehension of the most heretical lover and believer of and in Christian truth more sound and orthodox than he knows. It takes, therefore, a great deal to shock us, and the spirit of many a stout and chivalrous champion of orthodoxy has often shocked us far more than the statement of many a heresy: Dr. Bushnell's charge, for instance, as we quoted above, of charlatanism of interpretation, by which the effort is made to fling a moral discredit upon the holders of an opposite opinion. Yet, there is some central principle, which, if discovered, might be the reconciliation of all Christian characters and creeds; and good men, and fervent vigorous writers have, from age to age, fancied they were the apostles of such a principle of reconciliation. Dr. Bushnell never once refers to the name of William Law, yet it would be to us a very difficult thing to believe that he is not well acquainted with the works of that eminently holy and beautiful ascetic. As we take down and again glance our eye over those well-known and now too little read volumes, we cannot but fancy in Bushnell's *Vicarious Sacrifice*, the uncoiling of the parts of Law's scheme and system of Divine truth; but the spirit of Law was so gentle, pure, peaceful, and charming, even when he assailed gross heresy in his day; we do not at present remember that he ever descended to imputations or personalities. It may be, we are not aware that it is the case, that there are circumstances and aspects of the present New England theology, needing some such rectifying hand as that which was supplied to some aspects of our theology a hundred years since, when Law published his delightful treatises—*The Spirit of Prayer, or the Soul rising out of the Vanity of Time*,

and *The Spirit of Love*. Truly the churches of our day would gain by a prayerful and thoughtful reading of those elevated books. Works, however, whose object is to inflame and excite devotion, may frequently, even while we feel the defectiveness of their theology, be perfectly innocuous, and even helpful, until some hard and logical mind comes along and seeks to reduce a mode of devotion to an absolute system of theology. Dr. Bushnell seems to have done this with Law—he does not, as we have already said, mention throughout his volume the name of Law, but there are forms of expression which do exactly show with whose heifers he has been ploughing. The following rendering of the idea of Divine justice is couched exactly in that kind of language upon which the reader may alight almost at random in Law:—

*We mean, first of all, that there is a deep wrath-principle in God, as in all moral natures, that puts Him down upon wrong, and girds Him in avenging majesty for the infliction of suffering upon wrong. Just as we speak of our felt indignations, and tell how we are made to burn against the person, or even the life of the wrong-doer, so God has His heavier indignations, and burns with His more consuming fire. But this combustion of right anger, this wrath-impulse so fearfully moved, is no law to God certainly, requiring Him to execute just what will exhaust the passion.*

In fact, Dr. Bushnell appears utterly to reject the idea of anything in the Divine mind answering to what we call, and what Scripture speaks of too, as “the wrath of God.” It must be admitted that we are in danger of reaching out to very wrong and corrupt ideas whenever we speak thus. Constantly we need to be reminded that He is not such an one as ourselves; that wrath, anger, is not a malevolent principle in the Divine mind—it is a manifestation of relations, but there is such a manifestation of relations. What are we to do with our conceptions of God, if we treat words as our writer would have us treat them? He, for instance dismisses with a whiff of contempt the idea (Page 344) “of any fixed attribute in God, called His justice, “which is immutably set for the vindication of right and the “redress of wrong by deserved punishments.” Now, if we were talking mere Hegelianism with a Hegelian, we could very well understand this language, and perhaps feel a kind of logical right in it. We neither know the mode of God’s being, nor do we know how what we call His attributes, cohere together, harmonize with each other, how they can be outraged, or how they can be atoned. Upon natural grounds, however, we feel something of all this in ourselves, and we can conceive it infinitely and holily

in God. Scripture teaches us, and our heart responds to the teaching with the hope it may be true, that there is an attribute of justice in God, that that justice may operate in the Divine mind with a holiness and benignity to which in us, even in the highest and most perfect child of our race, it would be altogether a stranger. The same book which attributes to God justice, names something in Him, "wrath," justice we suppose, in its relation to outraged goodness and law. Does Dr. Bushnell find it impossible to conceive this? Are his ideas of the Divine Being only of the bland and the benignant? Does he find it impossible to conceive anything in the Divine mind resulting in what we must denominate, from the poverty of our speech, by the low and inadequate terms, anger, wrath? Let Dr. Bushnell, or our readers who may be likely to be ensnared by this seductive form of thought, apparently so honourable to God, but really we believe so disastrous, if it could be true to the universe, think in an image; what more blessed and uniform than the air we breathe? What constitutes its harmony? What in it, is the cement of all that we know of material existence—in water, in earth, in air? Oxygen, the blessed life, the dissolved fire-principle held in solution in our bodies, in all things, in the dear, beautiful air which around our bodies, and around all vegetation, and around the wings of the soaring bird, is health and life, world-building, and harmony: and now, alter the relations, what ravages the air in flame? Rages along the street? Consumes the city? Fells the forest and the prairie before its fury? It is simply its very oxygen, but under a manifestation of quite other relations. While we breathed it, and walked in the midst of it, we could not see it—we had to adopt the most subtle experiments at all to appreciate or measure its chemical relations, affinities and powers, and assuredly it might seem that so blessed and ghostly a creature could never blaze forth in all the terrors of fiery wrath; but it is just so, in the proportions in which the organisms of the universe makes it to combine, it is man's chief friend, ignite it, and it becomes his most terrible foe. We are quite aware how inadequate such an image is to express all that we desire. Our readers, however, will, perhaps, feel that we do not think our views dishonouring to God, which maintain the reality of the manifestation of a relation of wrath in Him to us, and such views as Dr. Bushnell's, and the whole school to which they belong, seem to us as inadequate and shallow, bearing out of sight the conservative and rectoral—(we quite remember that our author has a chapter on "God's rectoral honour effectively maintained," but how can rectoral honour be



effectively maintained, when its holiness, which is its harmony, is treated with slight ?)—principles of the Divine Government. There is wrath between the sinner and God, and it is *not only*, as our writer would maintain, in ourselves and in our turbid nature although, it is assuredly there ;—and, certainly, man's sin separates between him and God—but wrath is the consequence of what God is in Himself ; while we are “ the children of wrath,” for we are “ shapen in iniquity,” it is not less true that those who do not admit of that in the Divine Government, sadly answering to what we call wrath, do sadly misstate and lower the dangers of sin, as they also loosen the rivets of the universe, by lowering the qualities of Infinite holiness. Holiness has been called the master-key of the universe, the universal pass-key, it has been said to be as when we travel through foreign countries with a letter of credit—we find ourselves thus everywhere at home. Even love does not unlock all things, till we find that it is one of the wards of the great Master-key ; if it be said, *God is love*, He also says, *I am holy*. Dr. Bushnell says, he finds no trace of the doctrine of expiation throughout the Bible ; Christ is simply a moral power within us. Sacrifice and blood in the ancient day were lustral figures ; in fact, the teaching remains that the old sacrifices of the Jewish Temple were nothing ; as the sacrifice of Christ was nothing but picture. As the old sacrifices were a kind of “ transactional liturgy ;” so this of Christ also, was on a larger scale, a transactional liturgy, not a real sacrifice. That we may not seem to misrender his views, here they are :—

However this may be, it is sufficiently plain that He can be a sacrifice, only under conditions of analogy and figurative correspondence, and I am quite certain that He was *never conceived, by any one, to be a literal sacrifice*, who had not somehow confounded the distinction between a real and a literal sacrifice. *He is a sacrifice in much the same sense as He is a Lamb. He is not offered upon any altar, not slain by a priest, not burned with fire. He is not offered under and by the law ; but against even the decalogue itself—by false witness and murder. He dies on a gibbet, and the priests have no part in the transaction, save as conspirators and leaders of the mob. There is no absolution, but a challenge of defiance rather—“ His blood be on us and on our children.”*

There was no expiation ; we must not say, Christ was punished—passing through our guilt, bearing it, and averting it from us. We must not feel that he stayed the ravages of that flame, that consuming fire which had become the manifestation of our relation to God. If the Scriptures, either of the Old or of the New Testament case, mean anything, such talk

seems to us most empty, idle, inconclusive, and unreal. Humanly, we should say—putting the matter simply on the grounds of common observation, leaving Scripture, and all its figures, and the sacrifice of Christ, out of the question—Does love elucidate the universe? We will not say, Does love expound the method of the universe to a *plain* mind—does it to any mind? The rank and steaming abominations of great cities, the wild affrays of savage tribes across barbarous continents; the stories of the battle-field; the horrors of the slave-trade; the plunge of the noble ship, with its rich freightage of nearly a thousand lives, down into the sea; pain, through all its tremendous black passes and winding ways; the whole world one great Nazareth with a Gethsemane in the distance for sober souls, and Calvaries looming at the end with cross and nail, and spear; why it might seem, if God had not vouchsafed us a revelation, as if our world were caught in the coil and whirl of some tremendous, almost infinite, and quite infernal machine. Such a view answers to the account given by those ancient sacrifices in which Dr. Bushnell can read no expiation. What, then—if he or we had been permitted to behold, as now in imagination we may be permitted to reproduce, the sin offering—should we have felt to be the meaning of that slaughtered innocence, lying on the altar, its throat gashed, its entrails laid open, its steaming impurity waiting the consuming fire amidst the unclean ashes, which no one could touch without defilement? Well, let it be a representational picture to a very coarse and hard-hearted people; a representational picture of what? That was sin: that expressed what God thought about sin, and that instinct of sin separating between the race and God. The conviction of sin is testified in all nations and ages, as even Sophocles, perhaps, the highest and the profoundest moral teacher of Greece, in all his tremendous moral delineations, and in those lines:—

Hast thou done fearful evil? Thou must bear  
Evil as fearful. So the holy light  
Of righteousness shines clearly.

Love alone cannot give an account of these things—cannot give an account of human suffering, as the old Greek proverb said, “there is a scorpion hidden under every stone”—why should there be a scorpion hidden under every stone? It is the wrath of God. All such ideas Dr. Bushnell resists, he would regard such as dishonouring to God. We have attempted to do, in our minds while reading him, the utmost justice to the version of his opinions, without claiming at all any particular reach either of

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thought or feeling, and certainly arrogating to ourselves no height above our brethren—they have seemed to us altogether and utterly too low. We seem to look over them on every hand, and we think it is well for our happiness that we are able to look over them. But we must not permit Dr. Bushnell to mistranslate either our own views, or those of others, who think these thoughts with us. We must not allow him to maintain, as he so persistently desires to maintain, that such views as those we have expressed represent our conception of the God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, as a God of wrath, anger, and malevolence; while with the views of Dr. Bushnell alone, or with views like his, is found that interpretation of the Divine character, which makes Him love.

Many paragraphs of his work amaze us in that they seem to stop short; it seems, had he only advanced a little further either in thought or argument, he must have inevitably seen a conclusion to his argument, like that which seems to us alone to satisfy the conscience. This strikes us in the, for the most part, admirable chapter, entitled, "The Law before Government." The main proposition is, of course, true; it is self-evident, law is before government, or say rather, man is prior to administrations—salvation, redemption, is not the birth of accident or time—it is, and Dr. Bushnell himself has argued one aspect of it with great vigour, in the infinite nature of God; hence then, it is essential to distinguish between law as it describes the condition of God's very being, and law as it describes the consequences of that Being to us, or law passing into enactment. Holiness we conceive to have been from all eternity, the law and condition of God's nature; and give Dr. Bushnell his premises, we cannot conceive how circumstances could have arisen in the universe, which our writer describes in such strong and expressive language, as the following:—

*Sin has desecrated God before the world, taken down His public honour as a father and magistrate, weakened His authority, robbed Him of His just reverence,*

without its becoming absolutely essential to the conservation of the character of God, the constitution of His government, and the sustentation of his moral universe, that expiation should be made for that great desecration. For it has often been remarked that the law makes no provision for repentance—the holiness of to-day cannot rectify the guilt of yesterday; how often would the penitence of a murderer have restored the murdered man to life; how often would repentant affection have condoned for its sin



after years of penitence, with the object it had injured. It is hard to write it, but these things cannot be done, and those who teach that they can, give exercise to the frippery of sentiment and do not appreciate the terrible hardness of life and law. Therefore, the expiation which makes the wrong universe right, which stays the fury and the flame of avenging law, is a joy to us; we do not see anything of Dr. Bushnell's implacable God. Out of our world and ourselves has come the wrath which separates; but it separates because His purity also is aroused and is on fire. Out of His bosom comes the incarnate power; the form like unto the Son of Man which treads, but not unsinged by the flame, the hot furnace of the world's misery and ruin; the hot furnace also of the wrath of God; "born in the flesh," "He condemned sin in the flesh," that he might open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Every act of Christ's incarnation was an act of expiatory fulfilling. We are not going to unlearn the meaning we have attached to those texts, "Lo, I come, as it is written, in the volume of the Book, I delight to do thy will, O my God;" "A body hast thou prepared me." That He was encompassed by sin on every side; that all sins and infirmities had free access to Him through the avenues of His humanity; that they sought to brood in it but could not pollute it; that they begirt it, but could not dismay it; that they agonized and wrenched it, straitened it, tortured it, and slew it, but could not bring it beneath the dominion of sin; if all this were not expiatory, what was it? Is it the order of God's universe that the holy, harmless, and undefiled should suffer the extreme lacerations of pain? There are many illustrations of it beside that highest instance in the life of our Lord; but He, it is said, "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." And then, how wondrously the real sacrifice seems to harmonize with the ritualistic. In short, henceforth, pictorial sacrifices afford "no pleasure;" their smoke and incense fade and dissolve from the human eye; for it would seem He took away in the offering, by which He perfected for ever those who are sanctified, the substance of fleshly sin, represented in the carnal ceremonies which made a continual mention of them to those who took part in them. "He nailed them," as the Apostle says, "to His cross;" "made a show of them openly, triumphing in His flesh," especially in this, that the substance and the true having come, there was no longer any need of the picture to represent the taking away of sin. All this becomes clear to us when we regard expiation as a fact, and that the death of Christ averted something from us as well as taught something to us. We have no space to enter further upon the

discussion of this most infinite and interesting topic. Than Dr. Bushnell's bulky volume, we do not know a more dangerous to the truths we have ventured to maintain, that has for a long time emanated from the press. He has already been known as antagonistic to such opinions, and much of the pith of this volume is contained, not only in that published nearly twenty years since, *God in Christ*, but also in a sermon entitled, *Christ Bearing the Sins of Transgressors*, in the volume preceding this, *Christ and His Salvation*. We are sorry to see the same views avowed and taught in a recent sermon by Henry Ward Beecher—the assertion that Christ's righteousness cannot be imputed to us, that God cannot transfer moral qualities from one to another. But we have no further time or space to enter upon the discussion of the subject, nor upon the first, and really most interesting, sections of Dr. Bushnell's book, in which he asserts how the Christian scheme, like the whole of human life, is vicarious; how the Father is vicarious for us, and the Holy Spirit not less than the Saviour. Our grief is that while these glorious truths are stated, they are stated, as we have shown, in such a manner as dangerously to loosen the principles of holiness in the Divine character, and in the constitution of nature.

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## III.

## RECENT MISSIONARY LITERATURE.\*

WE often feel amazed at the dearth of such works on mission labours, as might naturally be supposed to encourage faith and earnestness at home in missionary enthusiasm and exploits; indeed, this is perhaps too mild a form of expression. We ought not so much to speak of the dearth of good missionary literature as of an entire dearth of it, either good or bad. This is amazing when we think how easily enthusiasm is kindled at home in connection with missionary purposes and objects. We hail, therefore, these three volumes with satisfaction, and we commend them to all our readers to whom such narratives are interesting. They are the stories of earnest and truly intrepid labourers in connection with the Church of England and Wesleyan Missionary Societies. The life of Mr. Davis is, in fact, for the most part, a collection of his letters, written from his adopted home in New Zealand to Mr. Coleman, the editor of the volume; a more intense and consecrated life it is even difficult to imagine; strong practical shrewdness, we should apprehend, was consecrated by a devotedness and zeal which reminds us of the heroes he so admired and loved, Brainerd and Martyn. Mr. Davis seems to us exactly the man we should desire to enter on missionary work. He had no fine or refining notions; his love for the Saviour, and his belief in evangelical truth warmed his whole nature to a pitch of incessant, irrepressible ardour. The volume itself is most graphic, and as a book interesting. The native superstitions and atrocities, the native diseases and remedies, native cooking,

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- \* 1. *A Memoir of the Rev. Richard Davis, for Thirty-nine Years a Missionary in New Zealand.* By the Rev. John Noble Coleman, M.A., late Incumbent of Ventnor. James Nisbet.
  2. *Ten Years in South-Central Polynesia: being Reminiscences of a Personal Mission to the Friendly Islands and their Dependencies.* By the Rev. Thomas West. Illustrated with a portrait and maps. James Nisbet.
  3. *The King and People of Fiji: containing a Life of Thakombau; with Notices of the Fijians, their Manners, Customs, and Superstitions, previous to the great Religious Reformation in 1854.* By the Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, for Fourteen Years a Missionary in Fiji. Wesleyan Conference Office.



and fortifications, and modes of warfare are given in these pages with simple, quite unaffected, but very descriptive force, and ever and anon, as we read, that, which many would call even the fanaticism of the man, blazes out ; it is quite reviving in our times of wretched, critical manipulation to find a spirit impelled to such an earnest and faithful career. Mr. Davis was a comfortable farmer at Stourton Caundle, in the county of Dorset ; he held then, Woodrow Farm, and it was in the year 1816, his biographer, then, we presume, the vicar of the parish, had occasion to call on Mr. Davis, an overseer of his parish, but with whom he does not seem, until then, to have come in personal contact. Mr. Davis had been a self-made man, had never received any great amount of school education, but although writing ungrammatically, and speaking incorrectly, he began a work of self-tuition, and was enabled, without any college help at all, to read with relish his Hebrew Bible, to use the theodolite and sextant, and made considerable attainments in geology, mechanics, geometry, and spherical trigonometry ; he knew something of medicine, and practised successfully on a pretty extensive scale among the natives of his districts in New Zealand. It is very interesting to notice the delight and interest with which he inquired for, and read many new and important critical books, sent from England to his remote and savage residence. All this came out of the casual call upon him, made by Mr. Coleman ; he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society and was accepted ; he gave up a good farm consisting of 260 acres, held at an annual rental of less than one pound per acre ; and this act of self-denying devotion to the service of God caused, says Mr. Coleman, surprise, excitement, sarcastic remarks, caustic reproaches and subtle counteractions ; the tenancy of a good farm in the parish of Stourton Caundle, was even offered to Mrs. Davis, rent free, if she would abandon her husband and his New Zealand mission ; they soon, however, set sail together ; and in this volume, we have the story of his thirty-nine years of mission labour ; most admirable as we have said, most stimulating and faithful. He died on the spot consecrated by his life of self-denying toil ; but to us it seems marvellous to read, that he was not ordained deacon and priest till within about the last ten or twelve years of his life ; he was sustained by the Missionary Society, and we should suppose, he preached in some way among the natives ; his influence seems to have been powerful and blessed ; but what a practical contravention it seems of the first principles of New Testament teaching, and early Church organization that such a man should not have been admitted to all the privileges of the

minister's rank in the denomination to which he belonged. This, we suppose, arose from the rank he occupied in England, and from the fact that he had been only educated by the Holy Ghost, and not in schools; yet, his usefulness in New Zealand, greatly arose from his being able to occupy himself and to teach the natives, as a farmer; while we have little doubt that two or three years at college would pretty much have despoiled him of all those fine qualities of earnestness and simplicity of character, which, from the time he shipped on board *The Brothers*, off Gravesend, in 1823, to the time of the end, when within a few days of his death in May, 1863, we find him examining nine natives before their reception at the Communion, surrounds his character with a lustre so bright that we could wish the spirit of his career to be studied, and his character accepted, as another of those noble examples which young missionaries ought to seek to make their own. The happiness he found in New Zealand is one of the fine characteristics of the course; we find him writing with his intense way of putting everything, "I would not exchange my situation to be king of the whole globe." He sends his love to his old neighbours at Stourton Caundle, but professes that he is much happier where he is. Yet, he says, "in New Zealand, Missionaries must have their light burning; they must eat the Passover with their staves in their hands, that they may be ready to enter into the joy of the Lord." His letters in their delightful exhilaration, put us much more in mind of the strong impulsive expressions of the early Methodists, than of a sober Church of England man. He writes home to the society thus—and truly such words need to be pondered.

"I hope the Society will not be discouraged by our accounts. The more a tree is shaken by the winds, the deeper it strikes its roots into the soil, and not only obtains a firmer hold, but also more nourishment for its branches. Our trials are a token for good, and this mission will realize the good if we are faithful in the path of duty. May the Lord make us missionaries in deed and in truth, and enable us to benefit by our late trials. *When missionaries leave their native shores, they have many things to be divested of, many things to learn which cannot be acquired in the comfortable seminary at Islington, but must be learned in the school of experience,—the missionary field. A man may be a happy Christian, yet not qualified to be a missionary. A missionary must be endued with power from on high in order that he may be useful, and his usefulness will depend on his walk with God. While a Christian holds communion with God he is happy. While a missionary holds communion with God he is useful. If a missionary live the Gospel, he will preach the Gospel with effect. If he does not live the Gospel, he will preach it to little purpose. Humility is a Christian grace which makes its possessor happy, but is only found*

around the throne of grace. The Christian who lives a life of prayer lives near the throne, and becomes imbued with that grace of heaven. No Christian grace is so much or so often counterfeited as humility. Even spiritual pride assaults the Christian clothed in the garb of humility."

We have said how interesting it is to find the unordained minister hard at work, not merely in making the Gospel known by word and life, but translating upon a large scale, the Scriptures into the Maori. He writes :—

"I am more than ever delighted with Jahn's Hebrew Bible. Lee's Grammar and Gesenius's Hebrew are invaluable. Blessed be God for raising up such men as Jahn, Michaelis, Professor Lee, Gesenius, and Gibbs for the elucidation of the Bible. Should Professor Lee publish any other work on Hebrew, please purchase and send it to me. Horne speaks favourably of a new edition of Taylor's Hebrew Concordance about to be published. I greatly desire to possess it. If not too dear, send it."

And such passages constantly occur, showing the diligence of the self-made scholar. Then, on another page, we find him turning his whole attention to road-making. "Could I make a waggon-road into the interior, it would open the country before us, and afford a hope of our being able to make an English farm, fencing paddocks, preparing to sow them to grass, preparing food to work horses and bullocks." And in the midst of it all, while reciting it, some passionate ejaculation or earnest gush of feeling—"pray for me, oh, pray for me! that God may direct my steps, and guide His unworthy creature:" then, in some period of comparative stillness, when the whoop of the savage cannibal was not heard, nor suspected in the distance; in the twilight grandeur of Maori woods, came to his mind the dreams of prophecy—Irving's Ben-Ezra—across the great seas, fascinated him; the reign of Christ seemed evidently coming, but he exclaims, "Dreadful times must intervene before that glorious Epiphany." But a large portion of the volume is occupied with stories of the dangers to which the missionaries were exposed from the savages. Mr. Davis must have been a man of a grand bravery of character; he says he "had been told, before he came, that the axe was the best missionary in New Zealand," he evidently believed in the axe as the pioneer of civilization, but never as the murderous instrument of conquest, or even as the repairer of wrongs. Face to face, without a weapon of war, again and again, we find him fronting a savage, for the heat of his murderous wrath, and the creatures to whom he ministered, and by whom on all hands he was surrounded, were not pleasant



people ; persons are not pleasant people who have contracted the habit of eating each other ; there seems sometimes to emerge a cool and disagreeable *naïveté* in such stories, a slave is killed in payment of some wrong done ; the murderous chief who shot the slave was asked by an old cannibal if he intended to eat the slave ? He answered "No." The cannibal exclaimed, "I'll eat him," and immediately began to cook him. Among people to whom such practices have been habitual, Mr. Davis laboured. The success ought to cheer all Christian hearts. Thus, he went to the place of one Ripi, a chief, and preached ; found the natives very attentive. On the next Sunday he went again ; Ripi whistled with his fingers, and a hundred natives came flocking to the service. After the service, Ripi observed the difficulty of Mr. Davis in riding, in consequence of the badness of the roads ; the next week, with great difficulty, the road had been improved and made more passable, while another congregation of a hundred had been assembled in another place. This Ripi went himself to some of the wild tribes, and repeated what Mr. Davis had said. An old chief received him graciously, saying, "Come hither, my child, for you are my child. You have heard something good for the soul ; come again, and bring the white man with you, who knows more than you do, that I may hear from him the good tidings." This Ripi, the reader will not be surprised to learn, was baptized, and received into the Communion. Surely such things are an encouragement to all Christian labour, and they are not rare. In 1834, we read:—

"2d November.—After service I visited an old grey-headed, tattooed chief at the point of death. I knelt by his side, and thought, 'His glass is nearly run, and his disembodied spirit is about to appear in the presence of God. What can be done for him ?' He told me that his mind was fixed upon Christ his Saviour. I thought I had been kneeling over a poor, ignorant, dying savage. But oh, the riches of sovereign grace ! I was kneeling by one of God's dear children, resting firmly on His omnipotent arm in the midst of the river of death. His views were clear ; his evidences bright. 'Christ,' said he, 'is in my heart, and that makes my soul joyful. I have no fear, for Christ is with me.'"

While, further on, Mr. Davis writes, "Last Sunday week, 'between seventy and eighty natives sacramentally commemorated the death of Christ,' and in the same letter, 'this part of New Zealand, may be said to have been civilized, and is a pleasant country to live in. We enjoy peace and security. Formerly tools of all kinds, not under lock and key, were

"stolen ; now they are secure wherever left, locks and bars "are but little needed here." It is sad to find to what causes may be traced the failure of missionary work, so far as it failed. The mission seems to have been eminently successful, but so early as 1831, Mr. Davies writes, "a small vessel is now fitting "out to cruise round this Island, for the protection of the "natives, as it is said, but John Bull has, I fear, something else "in view." Later on, we find Mr. Davies' sympathies were with the Maoris ; of course, in their contests with the greedy, rapacious, and avaricious colonists, who sought their land. Then came the Papists in pursuance of their great plan, to obtain possession of all the more important of those Isles of the Southern Seas ; and then, perhaps, what Mr. Davies felt more than any other personal shock, was the effort made by his bishop to obtain possession of his house, where he had lived so many years, which he had stocked, and which, although he held in trust for the Church Missionary Society, was, no doubt, a desirable home. To his amazement, he found that the Society's Agent had let his place to the Bishop, and that he was to be transferred to the bush. The way, however, in which, even had this cruel proceeding taken effect, he would yet have prosecuted his missionary work, looking on the bright side—the Eternal side of things, is finely illustrated in the following extract, bearing date in 1843 :—

"The bishop has appointed Kaikohe as my residence, which is a district about twelve miles to the south of this place. Thus shall I have to go into the bush, and begin the world again. Flesh and blood shrink from the difficulties. But I look at those difficulties as little as possible, and endeavour to keep my mind fixed on God. I trust the Society will help me all they can. I feel I am too much worn to grapple with those things as formerly. But from duty I hope never to flinch. The natives are at present hostile to my removal. But somewhere I suppose I must go, AS MR. KEMPTHORNE, THE SOCIETY'S AGENT, HAS LET MY HOUSE TO THE BISHOP AT MICHAELMAS. THIS I HAVE FELT ACUTELY, yea, and DO FEEL IT. I could never have supposed the Church Missionary Society could have treated a faithful servant in such a way. To be rendered houseless, after nearly twenty years of faithful servitude, is calculated to make me feel. I HAVE SERVED THE SOCIETY FAITHFULLY, and would court the strictest scrutiny. To live and die for the benefit of the heathen is the wish of my heart. But to treat me so unceremoniously as I have been treated, is, to say the least of it, unjust. Their farm I procured for them, and as it now stands it cost them nothing, as its returns have cleared it of all its expenses. They have also a good mill, which has also nearly cleared its expenses. This I have done for them, and the thought is satisfactory to me, but ingratitude I feel. I would

not have treated a menial servant so. The matter will ultimately be cleared up, but it has cost me dear. AFTER ALL I CANNOT THINK THE SOCIETY CAPABLE OF SUCH BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS ME. There is some mystery in the case. I should not have troubled you with this communication, were it not that I should be glad to know from you if you know anything of the Society's proceedings in this case, as a member of that body. May the Lord enable me to cease from man, and so cease to notice these crudities of life ! At Kaikohe my prospects are bright, as it regards the work of Divine grace. Sound knowledge is increasing among them. Should I be permitted to reside there, I trust they will be a comfort to me."

We are glad that by a proper representation at home, he continued in the spot, beloved through so many associations.

The life of Mr. Davis is worthy of a much more lengthy notice, and of an effort to group together the interests of his intense life in such an article as might impress the mind of the reader, but we must turn from it to the two remaining volumes, reciting the achievements of missionary enterprise among the seas and islands of the fascinating Southern Archipelago. Both volumes are from the pens of Wesleyan missionaries. Mr. West's *Ten Years in South-Central Polynesia* has many claims to attentive perusal ; it is written with a free and well-informed pen, and recounts manifold impressions and scenes of adventure in Togabatu, Haabai, Verau, and the chain of Little Friendly Islands. The first sentences of his Preface must surely startlingly interest every Christian heart. "Forty years ago there was not one Christian throughout the whole of that same region ;" the whole of the Islands were shrouded in profound heathen darkness—that darkness was characterized, as these volumes abundantly reveal, by especial horrors ; not merely were the lands steeped in blood, shed during intestine wars, but over the whole of those islands, cannibalism probably prevailed, although for the detail of the more repulsive horrors of that barbarity we must refer to the pages of Mr. Waterhouse. Now, however, in the region over which Mr. West travelled, there are—

169 Protestant places of worship. Connected with these are 24 Resident European and Native Ministers ; 13 Catechists ; 214 Day-School Teachers ; 676 Sabbath School Teachers ; 856 Lay Preachers ; 9,822 Church Members ; and 248 Day Schools, containing 9,712 Scholars. The number of regular attendants upon public worship is about 30,000, and more than £3,000 per annum are contributed voluntarily by the people for religious purposes.

This is wonderful ; and in these days, when our missionary



heat has cooled down at best to a Laodicean lukewarmness, and perhaps, in the greater number of instances, to a state of icy, although confectional, indifference, such reports as Mr. West, and we may add Mr. Waterhouse, are able to give, ought to stir a pulse of that ancient fervour and fire which burned of old upon the altars of our sanctuaries. It is remarkable, too, that missionary zeal has appeared lately to expend itself on those spots where it comes least in contact with the dangerous ruthlessness of the savage. Practically, we seem to follow in the wake of our English cannon, and to seek those climes were, as in China and India, spots offer themselves not too repulsive to comfortable and civilized tastes and ideas. The volumes to which we are referring, now depict climes beneath whose skies the savage roams and revels in all the repulsive deformity and brutality characterizing the darkest characters of the habitations of cruelty. Among these islands, nature herself has moved, in her drapery of richest beauty and most voluptuous loveliness, "Only man is vile;" yet perhaps his vileness, while of a more outrageous, is not, indeed, of a more shocking character than that which often startles us nearer home. Cunning and murder seem peculiarly horrible when they are described as the property of the inhabitants of savage isles; but the savage, the heathen, and the pagan might seem to us as repulsive in our great cities but for our concealed partiality, as they are there. The bewitching loveliness of the islands themselves has even kindled the imagination of Mr. West. Byron was unable to escape from the spell, the stories of those lovely isles threw over his genius; reading plain and practical accounts from the pens of missionaries or navigators, it does not seem even that master of the magic of description passed beyond the boundaries of sober truth when he described—

The sweet moon glancing through the Tooa tree.

The region of the palm and plantain, wave-worn grottoes, haunted even by the not unbeautiful traditions of these people, the luxuries of the seas and the woods, the yam, the wonderful banana, of which Mr. West says, "One leaf can readily be fashioned, in a few minutes, into at least half-a-dozen drinking cups; while by gently heating an entire leaf over a fire, through which it is rendered at once pliable and tough; wrappers can be made in which to bake fowls, so as to retain their gravy."

Or in which even fish-soup can be cooked without any loss of the liquid. Indeed, we have frequently seen a banana-leaf bag, containing a gallon, or more, of cocoa-nut oil, that had been carried safely therein

for many miles. Portions of the juicy stem of the tree are always brought, at the conclusion of a meal, to be used by the guests, instead of soap and water, in cleansing the fingers, after these have performed the duties of knife and fork. It does this very effectively, when well shredded, by rubbing between the hands.

The bread-fruit

Which without the plough-share yields  
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,  
And bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves.

All voyagers unite in glowing descriptions of the islands of those distant seas.

But Mr. West has not sought to describe the country as a poet, and in truth, we should, probably have thought less of him as a Christian and a missionary, had he done so. Evidently, he is not quite so far gone as St. Bernard and Calvin, who did not even know or see the majesties and beauties of Cluny or Geneva. There are many flashes of scenic loveliness, lightening up these pages, but they come quite by chance; the missionary has no intention to introduce them, apparently, for the purpose of conveying their effect of sensuous beauty to the mind of the reader. Here is a little touch:—

Sunday, 21st.—Still rather unwell, but went in the boat and fulfilled my appointments at Bagaimotu. Preached twice, and met the members of Society. I spoke to each member individually, and hope good was done. Returned home after dark. The boatmen sang several hymns as we glided along over the rippling sea, lighted on our way by the glorious beams of the full moon. There are no moonlight nights like this under the murky skies of our native land. The scene was gorgeous, and the singing sounded exceedingly fine, as it echoed and re-echoed from the shores of the harbour on either hand.

His object, however, throughout, in all his intercourse with the islands is to fulfil the purpose of his mission, to reach the souls of the dark inhabitants, to create within them faith in God, love to the Saviour, and to rouse them to habits of industry and piety, nor have the labours of the missionaries, on any point of view, been in vain; not merely is our writer able to produce such a testimony as that we have cited above, referring to the growth of Christianity in the islands, but he is able to say, “the visitor can pass through no district of the islands without observing on every hand, the fruits of native industry in the well-kept, and large yam plantations, of which they are justly proud.” Then the cocoa-nut tree is most

abundant and characteristic of the islands; whole forests of this beautiful palm, line all the shores—the finest and the tallest specimens are found on the lowest islands, rising to a height of eighty or ninety feet; from this tree the natives are now deriving a large revenue of wealth by the manufacture of coconut oil. Their method of manufacturing is, probably, very wasteful, they have not learned the use of any but the rudest machinery, and the nuts perish by millions on the ground every year. It may be feared that, at last, the poor industrious people themselves will not derive the chief benefit from their magnificent progeny of trees. Traders and capitalists are beginning to find their way to the isles. Looked at both from a pictorial, industrial, and Christian point of view, these isles, the Tonguese especially, are most interesting. One of the most remarkable points of interest, in connection with these islands, is their dangerous coral reefs. Mr. West seeks to rob this wonderful insect of a portion of its glory as the builder of these isles, but we scarcely think he is very successful in his attempt to diminish and depreciate the importance of the tiny architect,

Which out of water brings forth solid rock.

Mr. West's description of the wondrous landscape stretched beneath the flood, large masses of huge living forests, vast masses of submarine trees, all shooting forth, living and growing; by-and-by, rising, and seeming to rear their crests above the water, like volcanic cones, but while beneath the wave, often so bowed and borne down as to be at the distance of five or six fathoms, quite out of sight; then suddenly, the sea swells above it in one huge wave; rising from the resistance it meets in that huge mass beneath, and no matter how strong the vessel may be which should happen to be upon, or to be passing over the waves during those moments of deceitful calm, it is wrecked. Mr. West tells how, in one night, when the air and the moon were beautifully clear, he found himself unexpectedly in the neighbourhood of a peculiar swelling in the water, and had only time to shout to the man at the rudder, to put the boat about, when the rolling thunder of the sea approaching the reef at only some hundreds of yards' distance, assured him how near he had been to a destruction which would have given him and his crew, as food to the immense regiments of sharks, winding their hungry and cruel way—a very uncomfortable kind of mermaid for such fairy forests of the sea! Mr. West attempts to show—what we confess ourselves not naturalists enough either to attempt to prove or disprove, but what in truth we had always supposed, and has been our understanding of the state



of the case—that the *Coralinæ* is not its own foundation. When the marvellous creature is said to build its formations from the deep abysses of the ocean, this seems quite compatible with Captain Denham's bringing up from the bottom, at nine hundred and sixty-seven fathoms, detached crystals of quartz at that depth, upon formations of a totally different character; the foundation of the old earth, the creature has somehow taken root, and grows up, and hardens itself at last into the mystic and indefinable life. And then again, Mr. West's remark, that the coral animal does not *make* the coral, that it grows just as our bones grow, and quite as independently of the will of the polypes. That it is no more an architect than the oyster; that its growth is not to be regarded as an act of labour; in all this, which Mr. West regards as discovery, and as a correction of popular misapprehensions, we confess ourselves to be one with him, and we suppose that most readers will be; yet we do not see that this at all detracts from the marvellous mystery of the formation, or the wonder we may feel at this formative process, underlying the unfathomed depths of the sea; nor is this inconsistent with the belief, that probably all these islands are of volcanic origin, while the silent insect succeeds by its work, the results of the masses disgorged from the womb of nature, by the pent-up energies of fire. Mr. West's volume contains very little indeed to shock the reader. We are not reminded by its pages of the barbarity of the savage, even so much as we are in the life of Mr. Davis. There are, no doubt, the stories of bloody intestine wars, greatly fomented by Roman Catholic missionaries, seeking to obtain entrance and hold upon the spots where Protestantism had erected Churches, and obtained its converts; a beautiful Wesleyan chapel was proclaimed, by the priests, to be the "House of the Devil;" and by their declamations and craft, burned to the ground. It is sad to have to indulge the fear that these emissaries of evil may undo the blessed and beautiful work begun in these islands, as they have already succeeded in doing in so many of the most hopeful isles of the Southern seas. The temper of the tongues seems not only so beautiful, but so free and strong, passionately attached to freedom, apparently, that we may hope this will rear a barrier against their success. But there is every cause to fear; abundant evidences in these pages show how the priests foment quarrels; how they accommodate their easy and yielding faith, even to the worst practices of the natives, as we know it has always been the policy and power and craft of Rome to do. A noble missionary, the Rev. William Moore, at Riwa, in the Fiji Islands, was attempt-

ing to induce a chief to forego, in the act, the strangulation of the widows of a great chief; he had partially succeeded, and hoped as it was the instance of a great chief, to establish the case as a precedent in the cases of men of less rank. To ensure success, he sought the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Matthew, the Roman Catholic priest, and did not doubt, we may suppose, that here was an instance in which even they would unite; to his amazement, the Rev. Mr. Matthew politely declined to make united effort against the strangling, stating that "it was contrary" to his instructions to interfere with the customs of the country." What an excuse! Cannibalism was also one of the customs of the country; it was not possible to be a missionary, of either Romish or Protestant Church, without being antagonistic to the customs of the country; but there are instances which show that Romish priests will even take the side of Cannibals to obtain a triumph over detested Protestantism. We are sorry to gather from Mr. West's book that some misunderstanding arose in different islands of the region, the Samoan and Tonguese, between the labourers of the London, and Wesleyan, Missionary Societies. But how different the misunderstandings between these good men, and that which must arise when the Papist and Protestant find themselves in the same field. We cannot, however, but express our wish that Protestants could come to some general consent to leave each other in the possession of the fields they have sought to occupy; and indeed, we are bound to say, that in the instance before us, the misunderstanding arose rather from the expressed will and determined wish of the Samoan people for the ministrations of the Wesleyan missionaries. King George, as he is called, the King of the Friendly Islands, really seems a grand old fellow; he succeeded his uncle, who became a professor of Christianity in the year 1826, but was not received into the Church by baptism till 1830. Both kings—and the present is the most powerful of any, and his government the most extensive and consolidated which has obtained in the Friendly Islands—owed their conversion to agents of the London Missionary Society; the present king has not only walked in the steps of his uncle, but has gone beyond in a most exemplary faithfulness to the principles of freedom and toleration. Everybody to be of what religion they will, only not to interfere with anybody else. We think nations and governments nearer home might take a lesson from the fine old King George Tubou; and it must be hard work to the old Chief; he does not govern by proxy, and to visit and to look after the island dependencies of his government, involves toil and trouble, which kings are not usually disposed to give themselves, espe-

cially for such purposes. Thus, we have accounts of his taking long voyages to the remote Samoans, that he might carry to them missionaries, or seek to reconcile the differences between the agents of the two Societies. It is very possible that our refined ideas might be sadly shocked at the introduction of King George to our dinner-table or drawing-room, although some of the hints Mr. West gives of the progress of the King, and his Court, and his people also, in the comforts of civilization are not less than surprising; still, we should expect to find a man far below our standard of Christian perfection; with a ruggedness of manner belonging to a very rough young society; but a man doing his best out of very rough individual materials, and with a very rough people to be a Christian, and a good man, and to do justly, and to fulfil his duties, even at the cost of great personal sacrifices, and is such a type of character, that even our more lofty standard may look upon it with respect, while yet feeling our own great superiority. Among some of the islands, however, still there raged a great amount of persecution against the Christians; this was especially the case at Uvea; it was in this island that the Papists were most successful in provoking hostilities against the Protestants, and it was here one of the earliest converts and most determined preachers continued to resist the entreaties of the Romish priests that he would turn. Mahi continued to conduct Divine service, and preached to as many as would hear him, in the dense woods, in the darkness of the night, repeating, in those solitary and lonely island recesses, scenes enacted two hundred years since by the Covenanters of Scotland; the faithfulness and attachment of many of these simple Islanders to the Scriptures, they had learned to read, is very remarkable. When seventy natives were drowned in an attempt to reach one of the Islands for the very purpose of carrying the Gospel, the Vavau native teacher, when his body was washed on shore, was found his hand still grasping in the rigour of death, a bundle of Scripture books, from which he would not be parted even in death. The day after, a number of New Testaments—

had been landed at Vavau, a poor man waited upon the Missionary there, bringing the price of a copy, in cocoa-nut oil. The day was exceeding wet and stormy; and the poor fellow looked cold and half-drowned after his walk of several miles. He was therefore remonstrated with for coming out in such weather, and endangering his health; but his simple and ready answer showed how deeply anxious he was to secure the Word of life. "The reason is," said he, "I am going away to another island, as soon as it becomes fine, and I am afraid lest, when I come back, all the books should be gone." About the same time also,



a teacher, whose house had been accidentally burnt down, came to the Missionary with his tale of trouble, when, holding up his New Testament, he exclaimed, "All my worldly goods are gone, but, thank God, I have saved my Bible."

We scarcely think it necessary that Mr. West should apologize so earnestly for the following incident: it is affectingly beautiful; but even the love it records we can conceive as quite separated from the dangerous seductions of superstition:—

Another incident may here be stated, as affording an illustration of the general faithfulness which the native teachers manifest, in the oversight of the work of God committed to their care, in those places which lie remote from the Missionary, and as showing the strength of that love which many of the people had for the precious Book of God. A young woman, belonging to the island of Uiha, in Haabai, who had long been in the habit of reading her New Testament with great care and profit, when on her dying-bed, gave strict injunctions to her friends that they should lay her head upon her loved Bible, when she was departed hence, and bury it with her. It was, no doubt, in her case, the simple expression of an undying love for the word which had been the means of her salvation, and of support and comfort in the hours of sickness, and in prospect of approaching dissolution. Her friends, therefore, readily complied with her last request, but the teacher thought that the act might possibly savour of superstition, and he thought, moreover, that the precious volume might, more fitly, have been retained for the use of the living. Accordingly, he named the occurrence, when reporting the state of the people under his charge. With the remembrance we had of former superstitious practices, at native burials, we could not be of a different opinion from the teacher himself; but, at the same time, we could not do otherwise than admire, in this particular example, the high value placed by the dying woman upon her greatest earthly treasure.

Mr. West has drawn a most hopeful, beautiful picture of the state of things in Tonga and its dependencies; the entire abolition of serfdom, and the establishment of constitutional government. King George is indeed in danger from the French, which power has compelled him, under the guns of French men-of-war, to receive a priest implicated in the Tonguese War of 1852; and, of course, efforts are being made by the priests to invalidate the Bible, beneath whose open light they cannot expect to attain to power. The language of the King, however, is noble, and it finds an echo in our hearts not less than in those of his subjects. He says, "We are a people without power, "and we lie as it were in the dust; but even if powerful countries come and take hold of us and dash us down, and even "should an angry people, who wish our overthrow, strike and

"strike again until we are broken, still, for all that, let us hold fast to our religion, and let us continue to embrace Jesus Christ, so that our souls may live for ever." The establishment of the Constitution, a kind of Magna Charta for Tonga, was inaugurated by great festivals of princely liberality, on the 4th of June, 1862. We must give Mr. West's account of a festival so beautiful, so Christian, so happy :—

There the three or four thousand visitors so assembled were treated daily with a princely liberality during nearly two months. The King gave a state breakfast and dinner every day to a select number of the chiefs, whom he invited in due rotation. These repasts were laid out in the best European style. There were all the appurtenances of a lordly table,—cutlery, silver forks and spoons, epergnés, cruets, liqueur-stands, champagne and claret glasses, &c. It was indeed something new, and not a little amusing, to see the chiefs at the King's table, seated on splendid chairs, dressed in suits of European black cloth, and with white neckties, who, an hour before, or after, might have been seen parading the beach, in the primitive simplicity of native dresses and bare limbs.

For the general mass of the visitors, profuse provision was made by the various districts of Tongatabu, the distribution of the same commencing each day about six o'clock A.M., amidst much ceremony, at the Strangers' House, in the centre of Nukualofa. These supplies consisted generally of immense pigs, roasted whole; turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and fish of all kinds. These were accompanied by large quantities of yams, sweet potatoes, bread-fruit, puddings, bananas, and fruits of various descriptions. To give an idea of the quantity of provisions consumed, during this feast "of weeks," it was computed by an eye-witness that one hundred and fifty thousand yams, and nine thousand pigs, were consumed, and the consumption of other provisions was in proportion. Several hundred turtles were distributed in the course of one day.

The most interesting spectacle was, perhaps, when Queen Charlotte herself presided over a distribution of presents to the numerous visitors from distant islands. All the females on the island walked past the Queen, in procession, two abreast, making obeisance, and depositing the presents brought. These consisted of native dresses, curiously wrought; mats, some of extensive size for large buildings, and smaller ones of exquisite fineness for wearing round the body; bales or rolls of native cloth, of enormous dimensions, from forty to one hundred yards in length, printed or scrolled in a most tasteful manner; also fans, combs, baskets, and personal ornaments, with a variety of other articles. It is impossible to describe minutely, or to give a complete list of what was collected. At the termination of the procession, two enormous masses of presents, each the size of a tolerable wheat-stack, lay on either side of the Queen, after which the whole was distributed, by her directions, to the strangers present in Tonga on the auspicious occasion.

But the religious element of this wonderful scene was the most im-

pressive of all. Nearly all the old Missionaries of the island,—indeed, all but one,—were removed by death, or to other lands; but the younger race were men of the same spirit; and with great joy and exultation they looked upon the scene which the labours, and prayers, and anxieties of their predecessors had brought about.

Under the spreading branches of the banyan trees sat some four or five thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa, on Whit-Sunday, 1862, assembled for public worship. Foremost among them all, sat King George in solemn majesty,—yes, majestic in appearance, as well as in power. Around him were seated old chiefs and warriors who had shared with him the dangers and fortunes of many a battle. The eyes of some of these were now dim; and their once powerful frames were bending down under the weight of years to seek the friendly support of a staff. But, whether they were old or young, one could not mistake the meaning of those gleaming eyes, and shining faces. They were radiant with Christian joy, love, and hope.

It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the service was commenced, by the entire audience singing the hymn beginning,—

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

At the conclusion of the hymn, prayer was offered up by an old Hihifo friend of mine, Tevita Ahomoe. “If ever man prayed,” says one of the Missionaries, “he prayed; for, like Jacob, he prevailed. Thank God, the Tonguese can pray, though it may be, as one from Samoa says, ‘They pray like steam!’ Many were the ‘Amens’ that echoed through the mighty throng, and it seemed as though branch after branch of the spreading banyan trees caught up the glorious sounds.” A suitable sermon, from one of the Missionaries, was followed by several discourses, or orations, from native ministers: the whole proceedings of the memorable occasion being very fitly completed by a sermon, preached by a converted cannibal Fijian, who was himself the first-fruits of Tonguese zeal and love for Christ. When he, in return, told the assembly, in their own tongue, of the wonderful works of God, in his native islands of Fiji, the crowning glory was added to the services of the day.

A more hallowed and noble triumph, of Gospel truth, Tonga had never witnessed, than when the social and political advancement of its population was thus acknowledged, by king, chiefs, and commoners, to be the sole result of that enlightenment and saving grace, which the religion of Jesus Christ had imparted, and before which heathenism and tyranny had fallen to rise no more.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Fiji. Mr. West recites also his visit to those islands, and although they have continued far in the rear, apparently of the Tonguese, hope smiles over those spots where so recently there was a dense and



unbroken darkness, and gloomy crimes of lust and blood which might well make humanity shudder. King George Tubou however visited Lakemba in Fiji, for the purpose of attempting something for humanity. The scenery is most lovely ; but the moral and pestiferous desolation reigns on every hand ; through its fruitful valleys, mountain fastnesses, and white coral shores. They were not, however, altogether unsuccessful ; and when there Mr. West took leave of King George, the king ran after him, begging him to accept his war-club as a memorial ; he said, " he could afford to part with it now that the work in Fiji " was done in which it might have been of service to himself." The missionary visited, however, in the island of Viwa the heathen temple, still standing, but no longer used ; also the Bokola pits or ovens, solely reserved for the baking of human flesh. They stood in the midst of groves of trees ; thousands of victims had been disposed of in this one spot alone, but the Chief Thakombau had professed Christianity, and these ovens had not, for a long time, been in use ; on the contrary, grass was growing amidst the interstices of the stones. A still darker spot they visited in Sandalwood Bay, a lonely station in Fiji, a spot of extraordinary darkness and wickedness, yet there they found a missionary and his wife and children living—the Rev. Mr. Malvern.

We had not been many minutes in the house when sad evidences of the real and recent horrors of Fijian barbarity were brought under our notice.

" Come," said Mr. Malvern, " I will show you some of the bones of no less than seven persons who were murdered, cooked, and eaten two weeks ago, at the dedication of a new heathen temple in the town across the river."

There indeed were the ghastly remains of skulls and limbs, which the Missionary had been collecting together to bury ; and the top of the new heathen temple, where the horrid deed had been done, could be seen from the Christian town. The feast, in fact, had been held by way of defiance to the Christians of Tiliva, and the victims had been indiscriminately pounced upon and clubbed, as we understood, in a town with which the parties had no cause of quarrel whatever.

We greatly admired, as all previous readers have done, the beauty and comfort of the chapel and Mission-house at this station. They were the neatest and best we had seen, excepting, perhaps, the new wooden house occupied by the Rev. S. Waterhouse, at Nandi. In the construction of houses, we Tonguese Missionaries have certainly been outstripped by our Fijian brethren. Their prudent attention to comfort and health in this respect is worthy of all praise.

After much persuasion, we prevailed upon Mr. Malvern to take a place with us in the boat on our returned to Nandi. The wind was

still blowing fresh; but we left Tiliva about noon, much regretting that Mrs. Malvern and children could not accompany us. It seemed very hard to leave them all alone in the midst of such a mass of heathenism; but we knew that they were not without the presence and protection of the gracious Saviour.

But for the details of the Fiji Islands we must refer to the volume of Mr. Waterhouse. We do not mean to imply a prejudice against the volume when we say that many of its pages are really almost too disgusting to read. This is not the fault of the narrator, it is the unhappy condition of the horrid clime where he has spent, with a bravery at which plenty of cowards in our own country will sneer, so many years—we rejoice to know, not unsuccessful—in the attempt to convey the lessons of humanity and Christianity to a people dwelling in regions of pre-eminent loveliness, endowed with much mechanical skill, with ability for husbandry and agriculture, a keen knowledge of nature, a power to express their wisdom and wit in pithy proverbs, to utter imaginative strains in war songs and mythologies, but debased by murder of the most incessant and perpetual recurrence, with circumstances of cruelty of the most wonderful barbarity and refinement; characterized also by a shrewdness of cunning and treachery; occasionally lightened also by even humour in their barbarity. One of their towns, desirous of entering upon war with the Tonguese, sent to inquire “Why the Tonguese delayed,” for they said, “The firewood they had cut for cooking them was getting rotten!” The Missionaries found the custom of strangling widows general. It may seem singular to say, but the widows seemed rather to like it, at any rate, yielded themselves to the custom, and manifested no wish to escape from it. The kind of country before the introduction of Christianity Mr. Waterhouse describes in the picture he has drawn of Bau, the metropolis of Fiji:—

The metropolitan had already compelled, by judicious interference at times of civil war, the more distant kingdoms to pay the tribute of handsome women and large war-canoes. Hence could be seen at Bau the prettiest women and the most magnificent fleet in Fiji. More than twenty large war-canoes were retained by the chiefs resident, whilst many were scattered over the islands. The smaller canoes would, perhaps, be more than two hundred. Imagine all this shipping to be connected with an island not much more than a mile in circumference, and you will have some idea of the busy seaport. Realize, if you can, its sunny clime, and its crowded population—between three and four thousand. There are the turbaned heads, the flowing girdles, of the chiefs; the bare bodies of the multitude. The ladies, with a dress five inches wide; and the men with rather less. The houses

large and spacious, with no partitions, no upper rooms; built very irregularly and crowded together. There is no burial-place save the royal mausoleum. The dead are buried under the earthen floors of the houses. Yonder are the three market-places, each answering the treble purpose of exchange, assembly-rooms, and human slaughter-house. There, towering over and above all other buildings, are the thirty heathen temples, beautifully ornamented with the white cowry-shells. Ascending the hill called "the top of the town," you will be offended by the abundant filth, and will wonder that so many of the city fashionables are so fond of dancing there for so many hours.

Occupying an elevated post of observation, you note the wood and water carriers, poor women who have to propel their canoes for a distance of more than a mile, fill their pitchers, gather wood, collect leaves for cooking purposes, return to the city, and carry their loads to their several homes. The vegetable dealers,—crowds of serfs,—heavily burdened with yams, dalo, bananas, sugar-cane, native bread, &c., coming to deposit their cargo with those who rarely pay, and scarcely thank them. It was thus that the royal families were supplied with daily food.

And now the drums beat *pat, pat, pat, pat, pat*. What is the signal? It means that a man is about to be cut up, and prepared for food, as is a bullock in our own country. See the commotion! The majority of the population, old and young, run to gaze upon the intended victim. He is stripped naked, struck down with the club, his body ignominiously dashed against a stone in front of a temple, and then cut up and divided amongst a chosen few, ere the vital spark is extinct. Sometimes he is dashed into an oven whilst yet alive, and half cooked. The little children run off with the head, and play with it as with a ball. Some fond mother, anxious for the preservation of her child's health, begs for a morsel of the flesh to rub against the lips of her little one.

Perhaps it is the same day that you notice a few people walking rather more hurriedly than usual towards a certain house. They carry oil, and paint, and dresses, and native calicoes, and mats. Entering the dwelling, they proceed to anoint two or three women, the wives of one man, whose recent disease has made them widows. The women have just returned from the baths; the visitors dress them, kiss them, weep over them, bid them good-bye, and then strangle them by suffocation! Generally the women have no wish to live, having been taught that they must, eventually, join their *first* husbands; that, should they live and marry again, yet at death they *must* rejoin their former partners, who would treat them harshly for having manifested so little affection for them as to remain on earth so long after their husband's death.

You pass on, and meet with an open grave. Waiting a moment, you ascertain that a sick man or woman has been partially suffocated previous to being buried alive. He was a burden to his friends, and so they strangled him.

Down the next lane, a young chief is trying on, for the first time



since he was born, a narrow slip of native cloth, as an indication that he now thinks himself a man. He stands on the corpse of one who has been killed to make his stepping-stone for the ceremony of the day.

Preparing to enter the house of a deceased chief, you may notice a startling decoration placed over the doorway; and, on examination, you discover that it consists of upwards of twenty fingers, displayed in a row, having been amputated from as many individuals, who desire thus to express their sorrow for the departed. In the dwelling itself, you meet with men who have shaved their beards and their hair, as tokens of respect for the dead. Others have burned their bodies in various places, and made themselves loathsome to the living, under the delusion that it is appreciated by the dead.

But amidst such scenes, the signs of industrial occupations were not wanting. In the gardens might be found the cultivation of yams, *fidalo*, and sugar-cane. Houses, suitable for the climate, were continually in course of erection. Carpenters were busily engaged in building canoes, and in engraving spears and clubs. The manufacture of large earthen cooking and water pots was also carried on. The plaiting of the mats, and the "beating out" of the cloth, were the constant employment of the ladies.

Such a state of things would show no easy work to the Missionary settlers, yet Mr. Waterhouse recites the story of the great and hopeful change. Crowds, at length, after some period of disappointment, thronged to hear the new doctrine, and multitudes embraced Christianity. As with our old Saxon forefathers, when they became converted, the ornaments were torn from the huge and horrible idols; also the forests were attacked in which were monsters among the iron-wood trees—sacred for ages; the carpenters who were instructed to smite them trembled, lest some spirit should kill them, and were even surprised when the next day they visited the forest and found the trees and all nature the same as usual. The danger is that the superiority of Christianity may be demonstrated on very low and inadequate grounds to their minds. "Everything English is better than "Fijian; their axe is superior to our stone axes, their musket to "our bow and arrow, their knife to our cockle-shell; the English "have a God, therefore the God of the English is superior to "ours." But we lay down these interesting volumes, glad in reading them to perceive that Christian truth is achieving for itself conquests; and truly the writers of such books are, to our thought, among men deserving especial honour. What compensation could be equal to such tasks and toils?—to save human life; to put human life upon the track of industry and productiveness; to show it how to put off the unfruitful works of darkness; to put on the Lord Jesus, and, with Him, the

whole armour of light. We seem to have lost faith almost in the power of such things, and to have lapsed into the belief that missionary success in foreign climes must be as unsuccessful as our ministerial work is confessedly unsuccessful at home. We are very thankful, therefore, for the volumes before us. They are noble illustrations of the power of practical Christianity, and they furnish motive and encouragement to all departments of the Christian Church to sustain the Ark of Missions.

#### IV.

#### THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.\*

THE reception from the courteous publishers of this pair of magnificent volumes in which the works of the Ettrick Shepherd are once more enshrined, reminds us that something better than half-a-century has passed since the *Eclectic Review*, in varied notes, introduced his works to its readers. Time and opinion have probably exactly reversed the criticisms pronounced then. *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, upon which a warm eulogium was pronounced, is probably held in least esteem of all the poet's writings. *The Queen's Wake*, which was treated with critical contempt, presents, perhaps, his strongest claim for the suffrages of living readers. The publication of this costly edition of his works, shows that they are still in demand, nor do we wonder at it; utterly unskilled and unformed as they are, they abound in the wild notes and sweet flowers of genius. Strokes of expression often transfer the reader to the wildest and most impressive scenes of nature, while for ghosts and bogies, witches and warlocks, haunted houses and rooms, Hogg had a freakish imagination, so entirely possessing itself of all these weird and delightful horrors, that it would be strange indeed if, in this sensational day, his works were allowed to be "lost in silence and forgot." We confess ourselves, to a loving disposition in us, to do our best to bring from time to time into

\* *The Works of the Ettrick Shepherd. A New Edition, revised at the instance of the Author's Family, with a Memoir of the Author.* By the Rev. Thomas Thomson. *With Illustrative Engravings.* Vol. I., *Poems and Life.* Vol. II., *Tales and Sketches.* Blackie & Son.

renewed prominence, the names of those men who emerged by the force of irrepressible genius, from poverty and obscurity. Of the number, we are far from thinking Hogg was one of the most illustrious; his genius, which was unquestionable, needed ballast; he must have had a most subtle sense of beauty, wonder, and mystery, and had he not possessed such an overwhelming vanity, and unaccountable coarseness of manner and expression, he might have taken a place much more distinctly marked for its eminence than it is at present. *The Noctes Ambrosianæ* we take to be an immortal production, and when the teeming, overflowing humour of that work, its wild sallies, of mingled imagination and wit, most frequently in the mouth of the Ettrick Shepherd, shall, a hundred years hence, lead to the inquiry, who was he? his own works will come into a more distinct recognition, even as now we are interested, and often admit it, in the works of Johnson rather on account of Boswell's life of him, than because their yet unquestioned power and eminence, commands our personal regard. James Hogg was a genuine shepherd; his biographer truly remarks that the greater part of pastoral poetry has been written by persons who knew nothing of the shepherd's life but from report. Theocritus and Virgil were courtiers, they never handled a sheep-hook. Hogg wrote wild pastoral idyls, and he was a shepherd, and nothing more—the only poetical shepherd, of any note, England or Scotland has produced; also, he was born in circumstances of extreme poverty; his father had saved a little, money, and taken a lease of the farms of Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall, and then commenced dealing in sheep. His principal debtor absconded, and he was irretrievably ruined. James was therefore born in the midst of grief and poverty; he never had but six months of any kind of education in his life, and was early sent into the fields when only eight years of age, to herd the cows and lambs. Compared with this training it is to be remembered that Robert Burns had even a college *curriculum*. When he attained sixteen years of age, he also attained, what seems to him to have been his great ambition, the dignity of a real shepherd; he regarded this as his birthright—all his ancestors had from time immemorial been shepherds—and was invested with that true *toga virilis* of the mountain, the shepherd's plaid. Henceforth the sublimer cares of the shepherd devolved upon him. He was not a shepherd's lad, but a shepherd himself. Some of our readers may remember how Wordsworth has described the simple grandeur of the shepherd's life, in one of the least known, but even most elevated of his poems, the idyl called *Michael*. It may be more interesting to many



readers to see the shepherd's life described in what many will regard as the most attractive of Hogg's works, *The Shepherd's Calendar*. Here he sets forth the legends and traditions haunting the lonely places and profound solitudes of the everlasting hills; descriptions of the brave battlings with wild winter storms; stories of the marvellous instincts of shepherd's dogs, and the equally marvellously-queer perversity of sheep; of retired glens haunted by murder, and lonely "knowes" haunted by the more pleasant lights of love. Engaged in this way, the young man more assiduously cultivated the imagination and music in his nature. Also he tried to learn to play the fiddle, with his exploits upon which he greatly pleased the quadrupeds, but frightened the human kind. He found books, and read a little, but that which came from him always depended rather for its value upon his own personal perception of, and fellowship with nature, than for anything obtained from books. He had a quick and most volatile fancy; impatient of all the control of intellectual discipline, but ready at any moment, upon the least hint, to mount a gossamer and scour through the universe. He had advanced, we believe, beyond thirty years in life, keeping still a poor man among other people's fields and folds, with a strong want in him to be an author of poetry when he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. He had been so fortunate as to read Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a book, we can well conceive, to have made all the faculties in Hogg dance about as if smitten by the strains of a hundred bagpipes. What exactly Scott did for him, or became to him, is perhaps not very definable, yet it became everything. Scott treated the wild, kittenish shepherd like a younger brother. His great, brave, open-hearted nature saw directly all there was in the man, and put him on the right track. The Shepherd's own sense of it he expressed years afterwards, in grateful language, at the close of *The Queen's Wake*, in the following very beautiful lines. While he compliments his illustrious friend, he expresses his own gratitude, and acknowledges that it was to him he was indebted for really finding the Scottish harp; while he also delicately remembers that to his mother he was first indebted for the recitation of those legends which afterwards became to him his minstrelsy.

The day arrived—blest be the day,  
Walter the Abbot came that way!—  
The sacred relic met his view—  
Ah! well the pledge of Heaven he knew!  
He screwed the chords, he tried a strain;  
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again,

Then poured the numbers bold and free,  
The ancient magic melody.

The land was charmed to list his lays;  
It knew the harp of ancient days.  
The Border chiefs, that long had been  
In sepulchres unheard and green,  
Passed from their mouldy vaults away,  
In armour red and stern array,  
And by their moonlight halls were seen,  
In visor helm, and habergeon.  
Even fairies sought our land again,  
So powerful was the magic strain.

*Blest be his generous heart for aye !  
He told me where the relic lay ;  
Pointed my way with ready will,  
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;  
Watched my first notes with curious eye,  
And wondered at my minstrelsy :  
He little weened a parent's tongue  
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.*

No one can blame the Shepherd that he had a strong ambition to better his circumstances in life, but he was desirous of making every measure of literary ability tributary to his advancement as a shepherd or farmer ; indeed, many people are not aware that a book, which we believe still holds its place as a thorough good book on the subject to which it refers—*Hogg on Sheep*—was one of the first efforts of the bard. It does not seem to have paid him, however, so well as his poetry. His efforts in business were unsuccessful, yet *The Queen's Wake*; which was not published until many books had passed from the press, achieved for him fame, and, we should think, even something of fortune. He was also elevated, by a process upon which we have no time to dwell, but which involved genius, energy, and even patience, to companionship with the very chiefs of letters. For this he was no doubt greatly indebted to the influence of Scott. Authorship, however, was not sufficient for a living, even when fame was at the highest with him. We believe that it was about the year of the publication of *The Queen's Wake* he received a present from the Duke of Buccleuch of a small farm on Altrive Lake, on the banks of Garrow. The Duchess had already sent him, through the hands of Sir Walter Scott, a hundred guineas as a present, with the assurances, if that were necessary when such a present was given, of her esteem. Indeed, he almost became possessor of the farm through a characteristic letter he wrote to her. We think we must quote it :—

"To her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Palace. Favoured by Messrs. Grieve & Scott, hatters, Edinburgh.

"ETTRICKBANK, *March 17, 1814.*

May it please your Grace,—I have often grieved you by my applications for this and that: I am sensible of this for I have had many instances of your wishes to be of service to me, could you have known what to do for that purpose. But there are some eccentric characters in the world, of whom no person can judge or know what will prove beneficial, or what may prove their bane. I have again and again received of your grace's private bounty, and though it made me love and respect you the more, nevertheless grieved at it. It was never your grace's money that I wanted, but the honour of your countenance; indeed, my heart could never yield to the hope of being patronized by any house save that of Buccleuch, whom I deemed bound to cherish every plant that indicated anything out of the common way on the braes of Ettrick and Yarrow.

"I know you will be thinking that this long prelude is to end with a request: No, madam! I have taken the resolution of never making another request. I will however tell you a story, which is, I believe, founded on a fact:—

"There is a small farm at the head of a water called . . . possessed by a mean fellow named . . . A third of it has been taken off and laid into another farm—the remainder is as yet unappropriated. Now, there is a certain poor bard, who has two old parents, each of them upwards of eighty-four years of age; and that bard has no house nor home to shelter those poor parents in, or cheer the evening of their lives. A single line from a certain very great and very beautiful lady, to a certain Mr. Riddle, would insure that small pendicle to the bard at once. But she will grant no such thing! I appeal to your grace if she is not a very bad lady that!—I am your grace's ever obliged and grateful

"JAMES HOGG,

"THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

In reply to it, she did more than it asked for. She, we may suppose, put it before the Duke, and hence Hogg was introduced to the Altrive farm. He had a thousand pounds owing to him by publishers. This would have handsomely stocked his farm; but he was goose enough to take another adjoining, and he was ruined. The Buccleuch family seem never to have given him up; perhaps, expecting that, being a poet, no great success in life could come out of him. Hogg, withal, while he makes us laugh alike at his vanities and disasters, had a kind of power more than is represented by the mere rhymster. Whether it were so vast in proportion as he conceived it to be, may very well be doubted; but unquestionably he was able to rain off at pleasure, with great ease, articles, either in poetry or in prose. We greatly fear, and do trust that we shall give



offence to no lingering relict of his family when we say it, that he had a wonderful adroitness in confounding things of fact and imagination. He always attributed to himself the origin of *Blackwood's Magazine*; also, which was a more ludicrous flight of fancy, that he had been proposed as the editor. Our way of apologizing for Hogg is by saying that Wilson, Lockhart, and the rest of them had such a faculty of astounding invention (we put it politely), that it is not at all wonderful if they vaccinated the Shepherd with something of their own vice or virus. Indeed, there are passages from his letters which show that he was perfectly bemazed and confounded by the things attributed to him, and gravely endorsed by his name. The famous "Chaldee Manuscript," which raised such a storm of indignation, still lies between Wilson and the Shepherd. No doubt it was hatched by several, but for a long time afterwards Hogg was called "The Chaldee Shepherd." Our decided impression is, that Hogg is more like himself in the *Noctes*, than in any page of his writings, or in any record of his life. As the ideal of the great artist is more truly the portrait and the man than even the man himself who sits for the likeness, because the artist has called out all the lurking, lingering, or scarcely-indicated lines, lights, and shadows of the countenance, so Wilson has called out all in the Shepherd, and put into form and relationship a humour and pathos, a solemnity and awe, a perception of nature's mysteriousness—of the weird and wonderful in the human soul, of which the man, we believe, was never conscious himself—the rollicking jollity, the prodigious *outréness*, the far-flashing fancy; these, indeed, everybody who knew the shepherd expected; but Wilson must have loved the man well to have seen, as he unquestionably did, that all of the other was there. He received a pension from Government, he was lionized in London, but died in the autumn of 1835 surrounded by difficulties, but with a soul full of effort and endeavour; and was buried in the churchyard of Ettrick, within a few steps of the cottage where he was born. Wilson travelled from Edinburgh to attend the remains of his gifted, humble friend to the grave. He was the only person of note there. The day was dark and dismal, windy and cloudy, and there was a sprinkling of snow. Wilson lingered last by the grave, and saw it covered in. It is now, we understand, radiant with flowers—the only blooming spot in the kirkyard, which is elsewhere covered with a dark, monotonous green. Ten years before Wilson had written to him—"My beloved Shepherd.—Some half century hence your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knowe in the forest, with its honest face looking across St. Mary's Loch,

"and up towards the Grey Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all  
 "your own fairies will weave a dance round its pedestal." And  
 a graceful and beautiful monument was, near that spot, inaugu-  
 rated to his memory in 1860. A better monument still would  
 have been Professor Wilson's promised life of him. Such a  
 piece would have rivalled the altogether unrivalled *Essay on the  
 Life of Burns*. Wilson was the man of men to hold both in his  
 heart. We are sorry that the hand which has written the  
 graceful monograph for one, was never able to execute that for  
 the other. We have no time to devote to any estimate of the  
 works of the Ettrick bard; they are extraordinarily unequal,  
 but they are extraordinary. We have in some measure, even  
 in the short space we have devoted to these volumes already,  
 distinctly characterized them. First of all, we estimate their  
 bold, fanciful descriptiveness; and this, again, often is touched  
 by a delicacy and refinement of beauty, as if the pencil of the  
 artist could only be dipped in the colours of primrose, cowslip,  
 or wild violet, or murmur to the music of zephyrs and the  
 breathings of flowers. In this way "Bonny Kilmeny" is with-  
 out a rival in our language, if we can speak of it as "our lan-  
 guage," for it is written in rather hard Scotch. But this is not  
 the chief tone or strain. Is not this from "*Glen-Avin*," finely  
 descriptive of mountain solitude and desolation?

Beyond the grizzly cliffs which guard  
 The infant rills of Highland Dee,  
 Where hunter's horn was never heard,  
 Nor bugle of the forest bee;

'Mid wastes that dorn and dreary lie,  
 One mountain rears his mighty form;  
 Disturbs the moon in passing by,  
 And smiles above the thunder-storm.

There Avin spreads her ample deep,  
 To mirror cliffs that brush the Wain;  
 Whose frigid eyes eternal weep,  
 In summer suns and autumn rain.

There matin hymn was never sung;  
 Nor vesper, save the plover's wail;  
 But mountain eagles brood their young,  
 And aerial spirits ride the gale,

That noontide fell so stern and still,  
 The breath of nature seemed away;  
 The distant sigh of mountain rill  
 Alone disturbed that solemn day.

Thus, also, the following of Loch Lomond :—

They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,  
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!  
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,  
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;  
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;  
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,  
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill.

One of the most favourable passages we may quote is the magnificent description of Ben Macduich :—

On grey Macduich's utmost verge I stood,  
The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;  
The seas afar were stream'd o'er with blood,  
Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;  
For Nature glowed beneath the setting sun,  
The western shadows darken every dale,  
Where dens of gloom, the site of man to shun,  
Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,  
While o'er them pour'd the rays of light, so lovely pale.

But, oh! what bard could sing the onward sight—  
The piles that frowned, the gulfs that yawned beneath,  
Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,  
Grim as the caverns in the land of Death—  
Like mountains shattered in the Eternal's wrath,  
When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurled—  
A grisly wilderness! a land of scathe!  
Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled;  
A rent and formless mass—the rubbish of a world!

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,  
Hill behind hill erected—locks of grey,  
And every misty morion was upraised,  
To speak its farewell to the god of day,  
When tempests rave along the polar way,  
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,  
Shining with silvery foam, and marred with spray,  
As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,  
Then foiled, and chafed to rage, rode down the broken steep.

First died upon the peaks the golden hue,  
And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen;  
Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,  
Softening the hills and hazy vales between:  
Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,  
As darker shades of the night heaven came on;  
No star along the firmament was seen,—  
But solemn majesty prevailed alone  
Around the brows of Eve upon her Grampian throne.



We have more than hinted that the love of the marvellous is the prevailing spirit of all Hogg's writings—wonderland. Mr. Thomson errs, surely, in finding any relationship between Hogg and the German supernaturalists, De la Motte, Fouqué, Chamisso, and the rest; and especially he is wrong in attributing such characteristics to "The Pilgrims of the Sun." We do not know what a few hints from Germany might have done for our Shepherd, or whether they might have led him. As it was, he was conducted

Past the firmament of air,  
Where no attractive influence came—  
There was no up, there was no down,  
But all was space, and all the same.

Hogg seemed constantly to be casting regretful glances back to the time when Superstition reigned supreme throughout the land, his poetry is the result of the inspiration of Superstition. He writes of "her":—

She is gone, that thrill'd the simple minds  
Of those I loved and honoured to the last—  
She who gave voices to the wandering winds,  
And moulded spirits on the midnight blast.  
At her behest the trooping fairies past,  
And wayward elves, in many a glimmering band;  
The mountains teemed with life, and sore aghast  
Stood maid and matron 'neath the mystic wand,  
When all the spirits rose, and walked at her command.

These were the days of marvel, when our king,  
As chronicles and sapient sages tell,  
Stood with his priests and nobles in a ring,  
Searching old beldame for the mark of hell,  
The test of witchcraft, and of devilish spell:  
*And when I see a hag, the country's bane,*  
*With runcorous heart, and tongue of malice fell,*  
*Blight youth and beauty with a burning stain,*  
*I wish for those old times, and Stuarts back again.*

In the following verses he delineates the peculiar sources of his inspiration, and the influence of the wonderful over his fancy:—

Oh! I remember, as young fancy drew,  
How oft thou spokest in voice of distant rill—  
What sheeted forms thy plastic fingers drew,  
Thron'd in the shadow of the moonlit hill,  
Or in the glade, so motionless and still,  
That scarcely in this world I seemed to be;  
High on the tempest sing thine anthem shrill,  
Across the heaven upon the meteor flee,  
Or in the thunder speak, with voice of majesty.

■ We may, perhaps, avail ourselves of a criticism of our own, penned many years since, upon this feature of the poet's mind:—

“In this Ode to Superstition we have, in a few pages, the picture of Hogg's ill-balanced mind. There is nothing poetical, but something truly pitiable, in the spectacle of a superior mind mourning over the departure of the phantoms and supernatural beings from the mountain, the forest, and the glen. Hogg appears to believe, that with Superstition, Devotion dies out, and Corruption is born; the faith of men and women was purer and better when funeral processions could be traced in the burning coals of the cottage fire—when shrouds and coffins bounced out of the grate—when the wail of the plover, or the hooting of the owl, brought bodements and meanings to the eye as well as to the ear—when every cave, lane, fell, cross road, and cairn, was haunted by the spectral shade of a murdered pedlar, or harper, or phantom of a bleeding lady—when the maidens met at New Year's night with the mysterious cake, to prick with the pin; or on the eve of St. John went to church to watch for the shades of those who were to die the future year; when the fairies lingered in the leaf of the tree, or the bell of the flower. All the verses of Hogg exhibit that kind of imaginative awe which lives on the fruit and food yielded by Superstition. His images from Nature are all surrounded with the beings of another day: what an array of fairies, witches, bogles, ghosts, we have! He seems to transport his mind back to the time when every object in Nature was the home, and beneath the guardianship of some spiritual being; when there was a spirit in every dingle, and the muttering of some potent power in every gale; when Superstition was privileged to erect her gibbets, and kindle her fires in every village and town. Hogg's poetry abounds with the traces of the Saxon faith; he had fancy but little imagination; he could not read the moral meaning of this wizard lore: he could not see, for he had not a religious nature, that to the really poetic eye and mind, the world is as truly haunted to-day as it ever has been, and ever will be; for the belief in the supernatural, of which Superstition is only a bastard and corrupt offspring, is an important element in all true poetry. All ground is haunted ground to the imaginative man, not haunted by the memories merely of the past, but by the ever present witchery and beauty of Nature and Humanity.—To the true poet, every thing he sees is but a shadow of the Unseen; the Invisible stands everywhere behind the visible, great Nature is not a Creator, but a child of something greater than

Nature. With Hogg, all who doubted the existence of warlocks and fairies, were Sceptics and Sadducees. He did not perceive that he and the men of his faith were Sceptics, that they surrendered man and his affairs, and Nature and her designs, to the hands of Caprice and Chance; that they made the planet, whereon we live, to be a ball, tossed about in the limbo of vanity; that they made Nature into a mountebank and a fair, and turned her sublime theatre of wonders into a peep-show of posture masters and clown. To balance the natural with the supernatural, was a work far beyond the power of the Shepherd's mind; he had wonder, but he had no Veneration; he had fancy, but little faith; he therefore made the Wonderful the law-giver of his poems; he did not hold the Wonderful in suspension and obedience to some higher law. In our times, poetry depends but little upon the introduction of ghostly or superstitious machinery; the highest strokes of all poetry have been achieved without this kind of spiritual intervention; but Hogg yielded himself perpetually to its guidance and influence."

We have not dwelt very critically upon the *Tales and Ballads* of our author. A chief circumstance of depreciation, perhaps, presents itself at once in the bulkiness of these volumes; but upon their failures we have not been disposed to loiter. Lovers of natural scenery in imaginative forms and guises, will find copious fountains of delight here. —

"His eye had beheld, his soul had sported, in all the strange amplitude of nature's vast boundless theatre. Whatever else he felt, the soul of the forest was strong within him; he wrote beneath the glare of its lightnings, and the gleam of its sunsets and sunrisings. The roar of its woods and waters was for ever piping on his ear; the snatches of old songs, the carol and the lilt of old wild lyrics, these were the pages of the book whence he gathered his ideas. Tales of the maiden blighted in her beauty; of the young warrior struck down in its strength; of the old hall haunted by ghosts or fairy; of spots famous in battle, or in raid; of procession, or tourney, or festive merriment, or royal passage, or ducal entertainment. These stories were fused down into his memory, until they sported forth, like unexpected waters from a cave, shining with all the light of a poetic soul, and glittering and rippling with all the power and pathos of Song.

"The estimate Professor Wilson has given of the Shepherd is a very high one; he places him in many moods of mind side by side with Burns; and says, in reference to his love of the marvellous, 'It is here where Burns was weakest, that the Shepherd is strongest,—the world of Shadows, the airy beings



that, to the impassioned soul of Burns seemed cold, bloodless, unattractive, rise up lovely in their own silent domains before the dreaming fancy of the tender-hearted Shepherd. The still, green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales, where he passed all his days, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of Fairy land, till, as he lay musing on the brae, the World of Shadows seemed in the clear depths a softened reflection of real life, like the hills and heavens in the waters of his native lake. When he speaks of Fairy-land, his voice becomes ærial as the very voice of the fairy people; serenest images rise up with the music of the verse and we almost believe in the being of those unlocalized realms of space, and of which he sings like a native minstrel.

“And what can surpass many of the Shepherd’s songs? The most undefinable of all undefinable kinds of poetical inspiration are surely songs. They seem to start up indeed from the dew-sprinkled soil of a poet’s soul like flowers: the first stanza being root, the second leaf, the third bud, and all the rest blossom, till the song is like a stalk laden with its own beauty, and laying itself down in languid delight on the soft bed of moss; song and flower alike having the same “dying fall.””

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## V.

## THE METAPHYSICAL TOURNAMENT.\*

IT is curious and interesting that the warfares and skirmishes on the continent of mind, or in the kingdoms of pure abstraction, are waged with as much intensity and determination as those more *sensible* conflicts in which, alas, blood is spilt instead of ink, and crowns and kingdoms are the rewards of victory, instead of ideas. Perhaps we should be of the number of those who regard the issues of the conflict as in truth as real, and as exercising even more real an influence on the destinies of man as the more palpable conflict. As in many another contest, it is not always quite easy to the unlearned to discover either what it is all about, or what are the lines of separation. It is a sort of Schleswig-Holstein battle, in which the ancient origin and relation of the dispute is forgotten, lost sight of, and almost unfathomable; and, in which, also, the disputants themselves seem so much alike, and are, apparently, citizens of so like commonwealth, that we marvel at their fratricidal propensities. We should not, perhaps, to all our readers convey much information, if we were to say that the ultimate issue of metaphysical conflict is the dispute between *ontology*—or the cognition Being in itself, Being as pure thought, independent of phenomena—and Psychology, or mind and its phenomena. There are, in reality, the two hostile leaders of the metaphysical armies. These are the two knights, who often reserved and unseen, at last rush forth with plume and spear, and bugle, and clashing sonorous shields to the contest; they often fight with visor down, but the rich quarterings on either shield, would, to an eye learned but slightly in metaphysical heraldry, reveal the revelations of the combatants, and, by many a device and battle-cry, show what issues hang on the victory. The want of the age is

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- \* 1. *Recent British Philosophy: a Review, with Criticisms, including some Comments on Mr. Mill's Answer to Sir William Hamilton.* By David Masson. Macmillan and Co.
2. *An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy: being a Defence of Fundamental Truth.* By James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast. Macmillan and Co.

the reconciliation of these two. All the conflicts of metaphysicians rage round the relative claims of these two; the interests of thought cannot be indifferent to the struggle, when we notice how psychology, parting company from ontology, becomes mere phenomena—or in fact, physiology, and brain, and blood; or series of feelings becomes the last boundary-line in the struggle. It is not without deep regret, as for the loss of some noble colony, that we feel how, in our day, psychology seems to have been constantly fixing its flag and its foot upon the grounds of *ontology*. As Professor Ferrier says, “Matter is already in the field as an acknowledged entity. This both parties admit. Mind, considered as an independent entity, is not so clearly and unmistakeably in the field.” It is a terrible, but for most men it is a true admission, sense dominates the field. The breath of trumpets, the flutter of pennons, the brave and stately setting of the lists—they are all so flattering to the phenomenal philosopher; he has possession of the field. It is not certain whether one poor knight would dare, with torn plume, and battered crest, and dented sword, to meet the jeers of the gay company, testing all truth by *appearance*. Such an *apparition* would be like a very Elijah at the Court of Ahab; and we may well imagine, when he declared that he came to put lance in rest for the vast interests of *non-sense*, what a roar of laughter would ring through all the ranks of the phenomenologists, sensationalists, sensualists, or by whatever other name (they are all convertible) they may be called.

One thing seems certain, psychologists, or physiologists, are not *metaphysicians*; they are the believers in and exponents of the physical and the seen. Nothing transcends the senses; and, in a word, whoever he may be who shall avow that there is no possibility of an *ontology*, or, at any rate, of a cognition of Being as independent of sense, digs a pit for spirit and prepares a shroud for faith. Metaphysical discussions, therefore, are important. It will be instantly seen they affect ultimately the conditions of thought, and even Society at length. Man is what he thinks; and the issue of discussions going on at this moment are interesting to us, because they determine the altitude of those mountains on which stand man's highest hopes. Is that peak sense or soul? and is there any distinction between sense and soul? and is the one only a cairn fixed on the other?

It was not to be expected that Mr. Mill's examination of the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton would remain long without some rejoinder. Independent of observations in reviews, the first direct and more elaborate reply is before us, in the work of Dr. McCosh; and we should suppose that he is



correct in his expectation that many another devoted disciple of Hamilton will be prepared to put lance in rest for their great master. Indeed, considering the severe shock given to some of Sir William's conclusions, we may be permitted to wonder that already some others have not appeared in the lists—Professor Mansel, and Veitch, and Spencer Baynes, who may surely be regarded as the trustees and executive depositories of his opinions. Professor Mansel, especially, who has to our thought carried the doctrines of his master to results and conclusions more fearful than we have ever been able to recoil from in sceptics, regarded as even absolutely sceptical. And Dr. Cairns, on the orthodox side, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, upon a very different ground, might both regard themselves as called upon to vindicate their own place, not to say the great Scotch schoolman, in the realm of consistent and harmonious opinion. It is a hopeful sign that such matters are interesting at all. Assuredly the study of metaphysics has come to a somewhat more hopeful pass with us than when, in 1831, Thomas Carlyle wrote his essay entitled *Characteristics*, in which he deplored that the metaphysical and moral sciences were falling into decay, and the physical engrossing every day more attention and respect; and when, about thirty years since, John Stuart Mill declared that there could not be found a vestige of a reading public engaged in the investigation of truth as truth, and the prosecution of thought for the sake of thought. Mr. Mill went on to say, "Among few, except sectarian religionists" (and what they are we all know) "is there any interest in the "great problem of man's nature and life." The sneer of Mr. Mill was very unworthy, and, with much respect, we may say, very ignorant. Those "sectarian religionists" kept alive the flame of metaphysical ardour and inquisitiveness. It was perhaps not always of the most effulgent brilliancy, but it was intense. We are glad, however, that such reproaches cannot now lie with justice upon our shores of thought. We are, indeed, rather doubtful whether the diffusion of metaphysical inquisitiveness and knowledge has very greatly increased the quality of it. To carry out De Morgan's well-known image, when a man stands before a looking-glass, earnestly and intently looking down his own throat, especially when he opens his mouth very wide, and strains his eyes very much, to send his optics down as deeply as possible, the information to which he may attain is likely to be not so healthful as that he possessed when his curiosity was excited and his consciousness only healthful and active; and we are afraid that, however fond we may be of the study, metaphysics is the science of looking down our

own throat. We cannot conceive conditions under which it can be satisfactory ; and our fathers, who had no metaphysical science, seem to have received divinest and most healthful truths—to have digested them, and found them to be life, strength, and vision to them, without any disposition to reduce them to a science or a system. We do not make these remarks to impugn the science ; on the contrary, we find it to be very entertaining and pleasant. The last treatise on metaphysics, whatever that may be, is as delightful as the last good novel. We will always maintain, however, that readers in general, will gain more from a first-class novel than from metaphysics, in fact, every first-class novel is metaphysical—metaphysics with the flesh on. We make these remarks very much in relation to Mr. Masson's crimination of our position not long since. We are not indisposed to admit it, and we are not indisposed, as we have said, to metaphysical study and pursuits ; but we should like further to say, that in the nature of the thing itself, every religious man is a metaphysician ; it is not possible to be religious without being transcendental. Only the most ignorant Primitive Methodist, who is really a religious man, is an ontologist ; that which is declared by the metaphysical schools as impossible, he has found possible in himself ; he has conceived the universe as Being ; he, and millions like him, his concept—we must talk learnedly now—influences his life, his character, moulds his hope. Can many metaphysicians say as much ? Criticism, in the doctrines of a Hume, or almost any master-metaphysician, steps in, and critically disintegrates and takes to pieces his conception of pure Being, but neither he nor the world gain much by it. We have said, we make these remarks, not to deter from the study of metaphysics—their occult, labyrinthine, and mystic pathways will always have the spell of an invincible fascination for thoughtful minds—but we do not see greatly by the aid of optics ; and the study of physiology does not much help the work of digestion in the millions, and mental science and the study of the laws of thought do not materially help mankind in its processes. It will always be true that life is larger than the science of it, and religion infinite, while the theology is finite, and man is greater than any rules and definitions. These studies a little tend to illustrate our ignorance, and to fix the fences of the understanding, and give discipline to the mind ; but we expect the mournful Jeremiads of Mr. Stuart Mill over the dearth of our metaphysical knowledge, would have been just as true of the age of Homer, when the whole world, the universe, was set before the eye as a chamber of reflecting lenses or

mirrors of the age of the Saxon Edda, which, even in itself, became an Iliad, and every bough of every tree was full of spiritual sagas; in even the age of Shakspeare himself, when the very inventor, apparently, of the term "metaphysical," we may be sure, would have, with all his infinite attainment in that direction, have been far enough from putting it into the form of a method. Mr. Masson says, "Surely a word that Shakspeare used, "and used so exactly and lightly, need not ever be un-English."

The golden round  
Which fate and *metaphysical* aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

And we should be very sorry to dispense with the word, but we have already implied, it is quite possible to be a metaphysician and know nothing of the science. We think it very doubtful whether Shakespeare himself could have read the lamented Professor Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic*; that book, the reading of which is, for all the world, like running the gauntlet. We begin the pleasant exercise with a stroke of the *cat*; on we go for a little while, relieved by the pleasant wit and imagination of the accomplished author—then another stroke of the *cat*—the leaden, unpronounceable, almost incomprehensible beariness of expression preventing us from feeling too much the monotony of pleasant and entertaining reading; then again the wit, and then again the stroke, and so throughout the book. We believe that out of Hegel, and in our honest and innocent English language, there has never been presented such a perfect feat and exercise of turgid Hegelianism. The happy spirit that shall conquer Ferrier's absolute existences, and pass through their essential contingencies to the one absolute existence, need not give up Hegel in despair. We have said so much, desirous of meeting Mr. Masson in the introduction of his little volume, where he utters mournful remembrances of the dearth of metaphysical knowledge upwards of a quarter of a century since in England. Perhaps our impression is, that it is possible to have an immense stock of metaphysical words, and no acquaintance with metaphysical things; and we very much fear that to this plight, many of our metaphysical Sciomachists are reducing us. This is a science in which, in a whirl of bewildering words about *nonmena* and *phenomena*, we are strangely in danger of confusing words and things. The most metaphysical book on the earth, the book through whose words there rays forth, according to very general impression, most of the light from worlds beyond the sensible and the tangible, is the Bible, the book of the old Hebrews. What did they know of metaphysics? In fact, it is true, most likely, of this science, as of other sciences, it



comes to supplement by law the decay of healthful perceptions and sensibilities; let us not then be taunted by Mr. Mill and others with the "Sectarian religionists—and what they 'are, we all well know.'" We have made so many remarks, for the purpose of replying, that, as an able-bodied woodman may fell a tree in the forest and drag it to the sawpit without much practical knowledge of mechanics, so it is possible for the most healthful and energetic exploits of the human consciousness in the perception, and belief, and action, for the kingdom of pure Being to be very independent of the reduction and the marshalling of notions beneath the denomination of general ideas or metaphysics. But Mr. Masson's little book is a most entertaining manual and *resumé* of opinion in recent British philosophy. Of course, what we call metaphysical science is little more than the history of notions; but it is very entertaining to see how these notions unfold, and develop, and dissolve, and change—the succession of slides in a metaphysician's camera are delightfully amusing; they often strike us as like the well-known fight, at which children always gape, thrown by the lantern on the disc, in which, while the conflict goes on, we hear no sound, and the combatants fly off and leave the great circle of effulgent light, and nobody is any the worse. The study of the question of our own existence and consciousness must, of course, always be profoundly interesting—that is to a certain order of mind. We know not whether many of our readers have ever read an entertaining tract, published little more than a hundred years since, entitled *Man in Quest of Himself*. It is a little piece in which, under the pseudonym of "Cuthbert Comment," Abraham Tucker sought to defend the individuality of the human mind, or self. To sceptics and believers, "man in quest of himself" is always either interesting or entertaining; the old gentleman running about through the fair, looking after his spectacles when they are on his nose, may produce various impressions among the spectators; some will be amused, some struck with the grotesqueness of the spectacle, some will pity, and some express a fancy that the old gentleman had to it something assuredly, if not his spectacles. Serious and active minds, unless occupied upon them professionally, can spare little time for such luxurious doubts and dilemmas as these. To them, Mr. Masson's little volume, clearly written, and concisely stating and classifying the shadowy distinctions which have emerged in philosophic discussion during the last years, will be very valuable: it is perhaps the more valuable because the author is a historian of metaphysics, not in the more distinct sense a metaphysician. He

occupies the last hundred pages with an attempt to set before his reader some of the merits of the dispute Mr. Mill holds with the books of Hamilton. In Dr. McCosh the reader will find a helpful handbook too; but Dr. McCosh is a metaphysician by profession, habit of mind, and long previous study and publication. We appreciate both books; in Mr. Masson's, however, we have the observations rather of a literary layman—to the science of metaphysics, one of the laity; in McCosh, we have the notes of a teacher whose life and labour are devoted to the collegiate chair of logic and metaphysics. His book in reply to Mr. Mill is valuable as coming from a man who himself has frequently, in many respectable publications, expressed his strong dissent from many of Hamilton's doctrines. Among others, we may mention that doctrine which has been most distinctly associated with the name of Sir William Hamilton, namely, the relativity of human knowledge; in other words, the doctrine that all science is the science of the phenomenal, or conditioned, or relative—that the knowledge of the actual nature of things is beyond the reach of man. This doctrine may be regarded as a crucial point in the septum, and illustrates very remarkably some of our observations above. Mr. Mill puts it forth as the doctrine thought to belong, in a most especial manner, to Sir William Hamilton, in the foremost pages of his great critique. At first sight, perhaps, as apprehended by most readers, it would seem to be a most unexceptionable teaching. Very soon, however, we find an illustration of the doctrine in the writings of its various upholders. Mr. Mill claims by this means, the identity of Hamilton with Comte, and Mr. Bain makes it the vehicle for the transmutation of mind into a mode of physiology, and baldest sensation, in which it becomes only the action of a series of feelings—a definition given to it also by Mr. Mill himself. Thus this doctrine becomes the great debateable ground upon which is fought again the ever-recurring battle of ontology, or the knowledge of things in themselves, and psychology, or the knowledge of things in their phenomena or mental relations. Dr. McCosh's chapter on this topic of criticism is one of the most central and interesting, and we think he puts it before his readers in a clear and intelligible manner when he says:—

Mr. Mill has enunciated the doctrine in a second form, and accepts it as expressing “a real and important law of our mental nature. This “is, that we only know anything by knowing it as distinguished from “something else; that all consciousness is of difference; that two “objects are the smallest number required to constitute consciousness; “that a thing is only seen to be what it is by contrast with what it is “not (p. 6). He tells that the employment of the phrase to express

this meaning is sanctioned by high authorities, and he mentions Mr. Bain, "who habitually uses the phrase 'relativity of knowledge' in 'this sense.'" It is quite true that the doctrine, that all knowledge consists in comparison, has appeared again and again in speculative philosophy; but as destroying the simplicity of our mental operations, and reversing the order of nature, it has wrought only mischief.

*The mind, as I apprehend, begins its intelligent acts with knowledge,* and, we may add, with beliefs, and then it can go on to compare the things known and believed in, and thereby widens the domain both of knowledge and belief. It commences, we may suppose, with a perception—which is knowledge—of an external object, and a consciousness—which is knowledge—of self as perceiving the object. Then it remembers, and in doing so has a belief in the object which has been perceived. In all this there is no comparison, but having this, the mind can forthwith institute a comparison and pronounce a judgment. Thus, having a knowledge of body in the concrete, the mind can then, when a purpose is to be served by it, declare that body exists, and that it is extended; and having a knowledge of self, it can assert that it exists, and that it is under grief or joy, as our experience may be at the time. Remembering an event as happening in time past, it can declare that the event is real and the time real. But while such judgments are involved in our primary cognitions, I rather think that they come in later life: the child, I rather think, as knowing its own existence and never doubting it, is not at the trouble of asserting it. But the child, on perceiving two objects successively, or it may be simultaneously, delights to discover a relation between them. Such judgments follow so immediately on the cognitions, that it is not necessary to distinguish them from one another except in scientific psychology. But if metaphysicians lay down an opposite doctrine, and draw consequences from it, it is absolutely necessary to correct the statement.

I suppose Mr. Mill would represent the mind as beginning with sensations. We have then a sensation. Is there comparison in this? I cannot discover that there is. No doubt, upon another sensation rising up, we may compare the one with the other, and discover an agreement or difference. But in order to this comparison there is memory; and memory, in recalling the sensation, must bring it up prior to the comparison. But Mr. Mill may say that we have two sensations simultaneously,—say a sensation of resistance by one sense, and a sensation of colour by another, and we declare them at once to agree or to differ. But could we not have the sensation of resistance or the sensation of colour, though each came alone? Even when they come simultaneously, we are able to compare them, because we know so much of each. We ever proceed on a supposed knowledge of the objects when we compare and decide. When I say that  $2 + 2 = 4$ , it is because I know what is meant by the terms. If I say Ben Nevis is a few feet higher than Ben Macdhui, it is because I know somewhat of the height of each mountain. If I say that Aristotle's Induction was not the same as Bacon's; that Comte's Positive Method differs essentially from Bacon's Inductive Method; that Locke was not a fol-



lower of Hobbes; that Condillac had no right to proclaim himself a disciple of Locke; that Reid met Hume in a more sagacious manner than Kant did; that Brown vainly endeavoured to combine the Sensational School of France with the British Association School and the School of Reid; and that a good Inductive Logic must combine certain principles of Whewell with those of Mill,—I do so because I think I know something of the philosophic systems of which I speak and am thus able to compare or to contrast them.

And we should like to supplement to this long quotation that paragraph in which he says:—

But the fatal part of the doctrine lies in the assertion, that truth varies with the individual, and with the circumstances in which he may be placed: a tenet which, is held by the Sophists, deserves all the reprobation heaped upon it by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle,—and, I may add, that the defence of it, in the further light we now enjoy, is worse than the original offence. By truth, I mean what philosophers in general have understood by it—the conformity of our ideas to things. There is no truth where there is no correspondence of our notions to realities. I admit that human knowledge never comes up to the extent of things. I allow that human knowledge is often partial, that is, is only partly correct, and may have error mixed up with it. But truth, so far as it is truth, is the agreement of thoughts with things. To illustrate this, I will not trouble the school with transcendental or religious truth. I appeal to judgments pronounced on more common and familiar affairs. —Were any one to affirm that there never had been such a country as ancient Greece, such a man as Socrates, or such a sect as the Sophists; that Queen Victoria is incapable of cherishing the memory of departed friends, that Louis Napoleon is a man of guileless transparency and openness of character, or that President Lincoln is a man given to crooked and dishonest policy; that Mr. Grote was utterly illiterate, had never written, and could not write a history of Greece, and had never been favourable to vote by ballot,—I would say of this person, not that he had got what is truth to himself, but that he had not reached truth at all. Were I to allow myself to think that a certain London banking-house of high repute is on the point of bankruptcy, and that those who manage it are a band of rogues and robbers, I should in the very act be guilty not only of error but of sin; and I am sure that were I to give expression to such a thought, I should be justly exposed to punishment.

The doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge, or the incognizability of things in themselves, as held by Sir William Hamilton, is shown by Mr. Mill to have been inconsistent with his ultimate conditions of thought. He answered in the affirmative the first question of all ontology, “Is there a super-

“ natural or an absolute beyond the phenomenal, and on which “ the phenomenal depends ? ” but still more remarkably, we find even Mr. Mill admitting the absolute inextricability of mind. He, it would also seem, is a transcendentalist ; in fact, in his essay in reply to Hamilton, he says :—

“ The truth is that we are here *face-to-face with that final inexplicability at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observes, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts* ; and, in general, one mode of stating it only appears more incomprehensible than another, because the whole of human language is accommodated to the one, and is so incongruous with the other, that it cannot be expressed in any terms which do not deny its truth. The real stumbling-block is perhaps not in any theory of the fact, but in the fact itself. The true incomprehensibility perhaps is, that something which has ceased, or is not yet in existence, can still be, in a manner, present—that a series of feelings the infinitely greater part of which is past or future, can be gathered up, as it were, into a single present conception, accompanied by a belief of reality. I think by far the wisest thing we can do is to accept the inexplicable fact, without any theory of how it takes place, and, when we are obliged to speak of it in terms which assume a theory, to use them with a reservation as to their meaning.”

And thus, while his habits of thought and education have led him out upon a track and course of life so different, Mr. Mill gives expression to a sentiment which shows how he is able to enter sympathetically into the perception of the power of a purely metaphysical idea, which, as in the case of Dr. Newman and Mr. Carlyle, is able to dominate a man's whole life, and to determine the nature of his practical activities. Assuredly, metaphysicians illustrate to us the possibility of such notions and ideas ruling and influencing the mind, and giving a crowning inconsistency to the conclusions of their system. The very mission of Comte was to destroy the idea of God, and all that in the ordinary use of language could be called religion—to destroy also the reign of deception, and to extend the empire of human knowledge ; yet the latest developments of Comtism furnished a most remarkable illustration of the way in which a man of one idea could enthrone his own narrowness, while, as Mr. Mill admits, the greatest of his vanities was, lest people should seek to reason and know more than enough ; and while, with a despotism to which the tyranny of Calvin in Geneva would have been a joke, he even narrowed the number of volumes ordinary mortals were to read. This sheer atheist created a pantheon of humanity, in which the virtues were to be worshipped in the form of the illustrious women of our race,

and history's greatest scoundrels were as black busts, to relieve the gallery, and serve as devils or desirable objects of execration. Mr. Masson points out, in some striking pages, how the state of modern science, its discoveries and speculations, are at this moment exercising an influence upon the state of metaphysical thought. We must, however, lay down this pair of volumes again, heartily commending them as giving in brief space, and vigorous and readable English, the present condition, marks, and lines of metaphysics in England, and especially the points of that dispute which may now be considered as going on. The books, although not published uniformly, form a very appropriate complement to each other—Mr. Masson's, reviewing the general features of the modern science, and its attainment and relation to the last quarter of a century; Dr. M'Cosh's volume, pointing out the chief lines and features of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy in contrast with Mr. Mill's, in clear, sharp language. Dr. M'Cosh never strikes us as bringing original material to a discussion, or as himself taking original views; but he has a faculty of clear and concise arrangement—he sees distinctly and exactly what other persons have said, and brings such matters forward as seem to convey the very pith of a dispute, and almost to reveal to some readers, for the first time, the meaning of it.

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## VI.

## AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Edward Lucas, to whose Essay on *Christianity in Relation to Civil Society* we called lengthy attention last month. Mr. Lucas, in the following very courteous letter, says we have seriously misunderstood and misrepresented him. We have no right to allow any man to suffer the consequences of our misrepresentation; we do simply an act of justice, therefore, in inserting his letter:—

*To the Editor of the "Eclectic Review."*

SIR—In the March number of the *Eclectic*, you have made some rather palpable mistakes in reference to my Essay in the volume edited by Dr. Manning. I am at a loss to know how you have fallen into the errors, unless it has been through too great haste in writing. For instance, you give at page 260, two quotations as if from the Essay in question, thus, "The Government of England is an usurped Government, and all such Governments, that is, those independent of the Papacy are our foes, the enemies of society and of God." And again, "That it is time to consider how to obtain the use of the secular arm in defence of the Spiritual power."

Then, again, speaking of the first paragraph, at page 264, you say, "It was stated in Mr. Lucas's own words," and again, at page 269, you say "The paragraph" "actually occurs in the paper."

Now, as regards this paragraph, you refer to pages 316, 317, 318, and 377, of the volume. But surely, it is not fair to take a few words here and a few there out of four pages in order to make up a sentence of just three lines. The fact is, that such an idea as you suppose, never in the remotest way entered my head, and a more careful perusal of the essays will show that I was speaking of something totally different, of the French Revolution to wit. I should regard any body who declared the English Government to be an usurped Government, as a simple donkey.

Then as to the second quotation, I have said (page 378) that "this is not the (place or) time to enter into a discussion of the principles on which the secular arm must be used in support of the spiritual power," I certainly do demand of the State—that is, of the secular arm—support, as against little or great blackguards, who break the church windows during mass; and I imagine you wish to be protected against interruption during service in your chapels. But the principles upon which I have a right to demand support for the spiritual

power I distinctly decline to go into. I can imagine such support being demanded upon perfectly untenable grounds. But as to what may be the real grounds I do not express any opinion whatever.

I must request you, therefore, to set me right with your readers, many of whom personally know me, and many more of whom know me by name only; and as such will be apt to take my character from your representation, it is of importance to me that the representation should be correct. I am sure that a little conversation with yourself or them would give both quite a new idea of the terrible writer of the Essay you have reviewed.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDW. LUCAS.

Herongate, near Brentwood, 13th March, 1866.

But while we insert the letter, and quite accept is as conveying what Mr. Lucas writes, we must again very distinctly but respectfully say, we cannot charge ourselves with having forced or exaggerated the expressions and tendencies of his Essay. As to his first objection, derived from our statement on page 260, the paragraph was not given *at first* as a quotation from his paper. We said it was a doctrine *indicated* in his Essay that all governments independent of the Papacy—the Government of England, of course, included—were usurped, &c.; and we proceeded to justify this from statements and extracts from the paper itself. We never supposed that Mr. Lucas intended to imply that the Government of England was usurped as compared with the family of the Stuarts, but certainly usurped as compared with the Papacy. Is this doctrine new to him, then? Yet, again, we say he teaches this. We are very obtuse, stupid, thick-headed, but we cannot get away from the doctrine of the paper: "If there is one Society in the world, that Society is the Church" (*i.e.*, the Papacy). Did we not show how Mr. Lucas has ambiguously mixed the terms "Church" and "Society" (?) so that, as he says, "to avoid the antagonism which is frequently aroused by the use of the word Church, I shall speak of it as the Society of Christians which our Lord founded." Thus Mr. Lucas assumes that the Society (*i.e.*, the Papacy) is universal. On the three hundred and thirteenth page he reasons that this Society came into the world armed with laws, "to outlive a hundred ages, a constitution adapted to its long career;" and on the three hundred and sixteenth page we meet the following paragraph, which, we believe, we have not yet quoted:—

We come to the concluding portion of our argument. We have to maintain that a Society with the characteristics described, constructed after a fashion to ensure the unchangeableness of the body of doctrines it had to impart and by which it was bound together, must not only be

*independent of all other societies and bodies of men, but must claim a legitimate control over their action in many particulars.*

Again, page three hundred and fifty-eight :—

From what has been said, it would appear that the *Society*, so far from holding the position of being dependent upon the State, occupies precisely the opposite relation of having the State dependent, in a great measure, on itself.

Now, in the light of such passages as these—when we find the term “usurped governments” in the essay—we feel that we had a right to say that usurpation is involved in the very idea of resistance to such a doctrine; it is a claim argued by Mr. Lucas that *the Church is imperial*, and it was from this foundation of faith the Popes of the Middle Ages acted when they distributed at will empires and thrones, or excommunicated emperors, kings, and princes. We must say that to us Mr. Lucas’s Essay only taught one doctrine—namely, all that we call constitutional is usurped. Once again, in this matter; we are glad that Mr. Lucas should put himself right with our readers, but it seems to us that it can only be at the expense of putting himself wrong with his Papal friends. His views, as we have translated and understood them, seem consistent with all those which have emanated from Rome—with that view of Pope Gregory II., received and indorsed by the present Pope, in his last astounding Encyclical, in which liberty of conscience is called “insanity,” and the “liberty of perdition,” and “injurious babbling,” and those are called “audacious,” and not “enduring sound doctrine,” who contend for constitutional freedom, and in which it is denounced as a “great error concerning civil society, that kings and princes are not only “exempted from the jurisdiction of the Church, but are also “superior to the *Church in deciding questions of jurisdiction.*”\*

One other point; it seems to us the letter of Mr. Lucas is amusingly modest in apparently limiting the secular support of the State to the protection of the Church or the building “from little or great blackguards,” brawlers, window-breakers, &c. Oh, Mr. Lucas must excuse us if we feel compelled to put a much larger construction than this upon all the demands of his Church. Certainly the secular arm should do its best to maintain good order, and to punish those who break house windows, or church windows, and insult either plain citizens, or Catholic priests. All this is done; the Church of Mr. Lucas is fully protected; the

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\* *Dublin Review*, p. 523.



noticeable point only is, that where Mr. Lucas's Church possesses itself the power of becoming a protector and influencing the secular arm to guard its coreligionists, it never does it. Have secular duties one interpretation to the Papist, and another to the Protestant? Even while we are writing, the *Tablet* for March 10th, in a very modest and truly hopeful leader, helps us a little to understand what is to be expected from the concessions of the secular power to the Catholic Church in England. We must insist on reading essays like that of Mr. Lucas by the light of all the traditions of his Church, and by the light also of the "bold policy," he distinctly recommends as the best. Well, what does the *Tablet* recommend? The following modest national acts; some, most perfectly in harmony with our own desires: the exemption of the Catholic from church-rates for the support of the Protestant State Church; certainly, although we are quite aware that the Catholic would have no objection to a rate from Protestants for the support of the Catholic Church; also, the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and to this, with certain modifications referring rather to public decency, we could have no objection. But our sanguine friend, the *Tablet*, now takes a leap, with whose saltinbantic adroitness it is far beyond our power to keep pace. We will quote Mr. *Tablet*. "We go so far," he says,—

as to think that it would be a wise and good thing to give recognised rank and precedence to the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church within the realm, by making peers of Parliament of the Catholic Archbishops of England and Ireland. For we think it would be for the common good of all, that the Catholic Archbishops of England and Ireland should share the responsibilities and difficulties of Legislation, should undertake the public official representation of the interests which they are peculiarly charged to protect, and, by giving and receiving the benefits of open public council, should assist both in the removal of mischiefs which require legislative remedies and in the prevention of new mischiefs."

We have been so far from thinking as Mr. *Tablet* thinks, that our desire rather has been to see all the archbishops and bishops at present in the House of Lords, out of it. Mr. *Tablet* would desire to see diplomatic intercourse restored between the Holy See and our Crown; but is not the Sovereign of England still an excommunicated person? How can intercourse be maintained with the excommunicated? Excommunicated! we are all excommunicated. How can intercourse be maintained with us? The article to which we have referred, repudiates the peaceful citizen spirit in the Catholic, and closes by indulging in such expressions as the following:—

"Some Catholics may say"—and the *Tablet* does not express one syllable of objection to what these Catholics may say; we think we are only simply just, therefore, in understanding them to be its own opinions; the italics are ours.—"God forbid we should cherish rancour, vindictiveness, hatred, uncharity, revenge, or any such nasty low disgusting sentiments. *But we find ourselves committed to hostility against this Protestant State, and this Protestant Church Establishment.*" We have made up our minds, and are thoroughly convinced that the Protestant Church Establishment with its privileges and its endowments must be destroyed, subverted, tumbled to the ground, and abolished in Ireland; and that the greatest blessing that could happen to England would be the separation of Church and State, and the deposition of the Protestant Church from its position as the State Church. We must contribute to that result in every way we can. We cannot expect that this will be agreeable to the members of the English Protestant Church as by law established. We know that it has been said that the Crown, the Church, and the Aristocracy are mutually dependent upon one another, and must stand or fall together. We cannot expect, therefore, that, while labouring for an end so disagreeable to them, they should view us favourably, or give a ready ear to our wishes, or feel any desire to relieve or assist us. We know that. We have too much sense to be surprised at it. *But this must govern our politics.* We must renounce all expectations from them. We must make up our minds to encounter such natural resentment as they can't help feeling. We must try to keep ourselves and all other Catholics free from all engagements to them or obligations to them. We must thwart everything that would procure them the good offices of any considerable number of Catholics. *We must make common cause with their enemies, the Dissenters and the Radicals, and with all their enemies.* And if any concession to Catholics be actually offered or made, we must always argue that it is extorted by fear, or that it is worth nothing, or that it will do more harm than good."

It is an amiable article altogether. Looking watchfully on all these things, having a well-grounded horror of the Papacy, and a fear of all its tactics, believing that we understand its ultimate designs well, we use every opportunity for the purpose of giving distinctness and currency to such objects and designs as are published in the various channels of the Catholic, or rather the Ultramontane party, in England. Thus we have shown our double consistency; our consistency with justice and our Christian profession by inserting Mr. Lucas's letter; our consistency with ourselves, in maintaining that, if he does not see the consequences of his own reasoning, we do; and respectfully, but firmly, avow our conviction, that our first translation of the doctrines of his paper was the correct one. We do not feel that we have anything to rescind, or materially to recast.

## VII.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

A VALUABLE companion to the English dictionary on the one hand, and the Dictionary of the Bible on the other, is *The Bible Word-Book : A Glossary of Old English Bible Words*. By J. Eastwood, M.A., St. John's College, and W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge.—(Macmillan and Co.).—Dictionaries of the Bible, in all instances with which we are acquainted, singularly omit, what is a very considerable essential to the apprehension of the text, the feature of this volume—obsolete expressions. It is astonishing, too, that so thick a book as this, five hundred and sixty pages, should be not needlessly taken up with the mere elucidation of such words, and their contemporary use and signification. No doubt often a text falls listlessly and unmeaningly on the ear, which had in its translation a very happy pith and point. Words change their fashions like our clothes. Many a text is now either in the dark, or almost in disgrace from this cause. The little volume is edited, apparently, principally by Mr. Aldis Wright; much of the material seems to have been prepared by Mr. Eastwood, but not further than the letter H. Mr. Wright does every honour to the intelligence and scholarship brought to the task by his deceased coadjutor. It is really a remarkably curious volume, full of rare tit-bits of illustrative old English literature. The book is really quite as entertaining as it is valuable; it, of course, has the advantage of all that large acquaintance with our old English literature which Mr. Wright laid under contribution for his edition of Shakespeare; and now it forms a little book which may either stand readily to the hand on the reference-shelf, or be put into the pocket to be a suggestive, instructive, and amusing companion.

A BOOK by an earnest worker for human welfare is, *Thoughts on the Future of the Human Race*. By William Ellis.—(Smith, Elder, and Co.).—Mr. Ellis is well known to that select few who in singleness of heart labour at the task of helping the poor to help themselves; his little books will, we suppose, be known to some of our readers. He is a political economist, but not only one of clear intelligence, but of most humane sympathies. In the volume before us, he seeks to show what measure of command man, by thrift and science, can hold over the



future. The chapter on "Aids to Prognostication" is very brightly and easily written—written in such a way as insensibly to attract the reader forward; and the chapter entitled "Progressive Improvement Inevitable," is hopeful; and, no doubt, something is to be said in favour of such ideas as our excellent scientific philanthropist seeks to promulgate. We confess that we are not so sanguine as the political economists. Mr. Ellis avows that he writes for the unlearned, that is, we suppose we may translate it, the poor; and that the lot of the poor is ameliorated, and is ameliorating we have no doubt; nor have we any doubt that there are some districts of our country—some counties where the lot of the poor is such that they have derived only all the ills of civilization without one of its compensations. Our future is not one of unmingled hopefulness; the prophecies of Mr. Ellis must therefore have not only a limitation in human vision; but they are limited by more than the darkness which veils the future from all eyes; the action of civilization in our country is partial. Still, Mr. Ellis's book is of that nature, that if a number of working-men would meet together, one of their company reading a chapter and the rest discussing it, or if a vicar would call the working-men of his parish to his National school-room, and read a chapter of the book, once a week, it would have a fine bracing, stimulating effect on the village character.

LIKE a resurrection from the dead, come two bright little books from the pen of Old Humphrey: *Every-Day Lessons from the Experience of George Mogridge (Old Humphrey)*. Edited by his Widow. With Numerous Illustrations.—(S. W. Partridge.) And *Sketches from my Note Book*. By George Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Edited by his Widow. With Numerous Illustrations.—(S. W. Partridge.) Dear "Old Humphrey," "Grandfather Gregory," "Uncle Ephraim," or "Grandmama Gilbert," by all which names, nearly forty years since, he entertained us very pleasantly, is as cheerful and as chatty, as full of his wise saws and happy little idyllic moral significances in these volumes, as almost in any we remember. We plainly see that wisdom and wit may turn over their pages with pleasure and profit, and thoughtlessness be perhaps arrested, and even ignorance find itself not foiled by these pages.

MOSTLY in its appearance—quite up to the mark of drawing-room attractiveness, is *Eastward*. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. With Seventy Illustrations from Photographs; engraved by Joseph Swain. (Alexander

Strahan.)—Readers find it tolerably impossible now to keep pace with the literary tourists of the Holy Land. We seem to feel that it is too near too us, too accessible; it is next door. All people are travelling thither, and they give us books on their return. The literary merits of Dr. Macleod are very well known; he seems to have a facile pen, and apparently feels pretty much the same on all spots as other people have felt, as he sees what they have seen. He has evidently, in his Eastward journeys, as was quite natural, attempted to read the Holy Land, Bible in hand; indeed, it seems impossible to travel that region without that Book as a guide. We can gladly bear testimony to the readableness of this volume and its thorough cheerfulness; also the engravings are usually most admirable. Many as have been the additions to volumes of Eastern travel lately, he who possesses this will not feel that he has one too many; and those readers who desire to turn this knowledge of the Holy Land to account, for talking descriptively to classes or congregations of young people, will find this, by its very graphic pictures—and we would especially mention the panoramic views of Jerusalem—and by the *bonhomie* of its style, equal in value to any.

VERY acceptable to many thousands of readers, and only needing to be mentioned to be sought for and read, is *Winifred Bertram, and the World she Lived in. By the Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family."* (T. Nelson and Sons).—This new contribution of the excellent author to charm, instruct, and refresh the vacant hours of the young, has a sufficient newness about it to carry the reader away from comparison of the work with the previous successes of its author. The world in which Winifred lived is one from which many of our readers perhaps have attempted to escape, and will do well to continue to escape from. The contracting and expanding chambers are pretty allegorical pieces of tale-furniture, showing that our author has very beautiful aptitudes for this style of writing. She is not a tale writer. Her works usually have little of plot or plan, as novelists understand the word plan; they are as unsensational as wild-wood violets, or timid little forget-me-nots, but they are full of very distinctly drawn character. In this novel the French governess, Rosalie, is admirably artificial, and Grace, if somewhat too ideal, is very delightful and simple; and every page has its bright sayings, which meet us, and compel us to take up our pencil and give an approving mark, while we say, "How good that is!" We have said that the book forbids comparison with *The Schonberg-Cotta Family*, or *The Diary of Mrs.*

*Kitty Treclyan.* Perhaps we think that the writer succeeds best when she escapes to the times of old, and recalls historic or semi-historic characters, and scenes, and impressions; but this book is a very delightful one, lighting up the ways of modern usefulness in great cities, and the domestic trials and triumphs of the disappointed or the poor. A great deal of kind observation and loving sympathy have gone to the conception of the development of the pair of maiden sisters, the Misses Lovel, of which this little miniature of Miss Lavinia may be given as an illustration:—

There had also been a shadowy love story flowing through a large portion of Miss Lavinia's life. A taciturn but unexceptionable young man, clerk in a government office, who had known her father, had formed an attachment for her during that brief space when youth touched her pale features into a faint glow of beauty; and for thirty years he had continued to accompany the sisters every Sunday to church, and return with them to tea, on which occasions he said little in the conversation, but usually concluded by sending Miss Betsy to sleep with a sermon, followed by a few minutes of low-toned conversation with Miss Lavinia. Beyond this neither the clerk nor Miss Lavinia seemed to expect the matter to proceed. For twenty-five years there had been a widowed mother to be supported. Then followed four years of patient saving and extra working for the future possible home. Probably of too scanty living and too hard work; for at the end of those years came a year of failing health and strength, which made the Sunday visits difficult; and an obstinate cough, which stopped the readings of the sermon; and at last, one Sunday, a note in a trembling hand instead of a visit, full of hope,—but never followed by another; and in a fortnight an announcement of a death, scarcely noticed by any but Miss Betsy, who perplexed herself all day how to break it to Lavinia, and then found at night that Lavinia had read it from the first in her face. And after this his will; by which Miss Lavinia Lovel was left sole executrix and residuary legatee of a fortune, which after paying doctor and undertaker, left Miss Lavinia a residue sufficient to purchase the mourning brooch for herself, and one for her sister. And these, with an old well-worn leather writing-desk, formed the only visible relics of an engagement of thirty years.

We the less regret that we can give so few lines to the notice of this book, as we cannot doubt that it will be either now or soon in the hands of all readers to whom it could be possibly interesting.

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